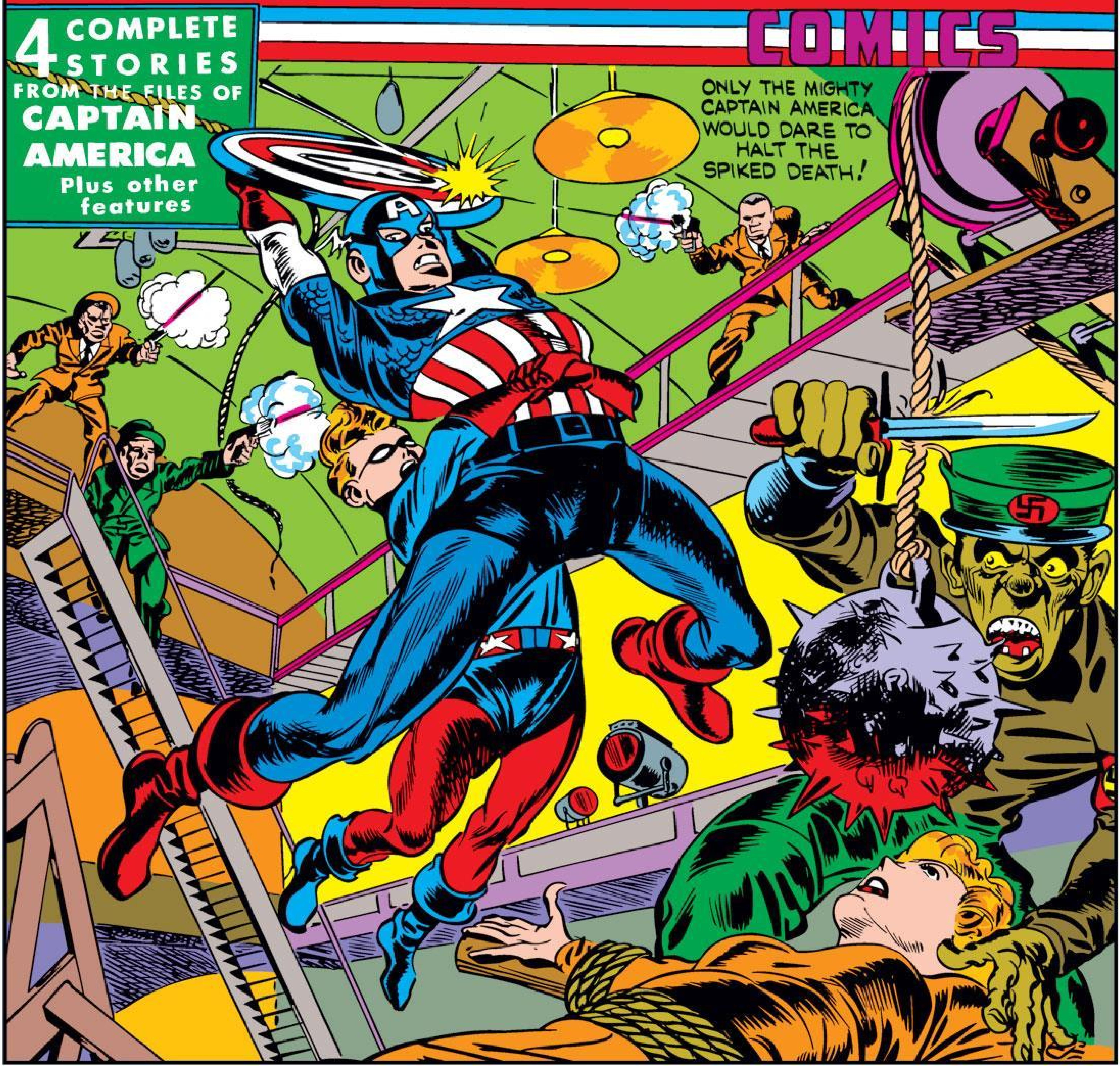
No. 7

October

10¢

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

4 COMPLETE STORIES FROM THE FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA Plus other features


ONLY THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA WOULD DARE TO HALT THE SPIKED DEATH!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

Vol. 2 No. 7 ☆ ☆ CONTENTS ☆ ☆ October, 1941

CAPTAIN AMERICA in the Case of the Red Skull and the Whistling Death — BACK AGAIN! The most deadly menace America has ever known returns once more to fulfill his diabolical mission of destruction! Follow Captain America and Bucky as they dare to probe into the secret of the Whistling Death, and meet again their arch-foe, the terrible Red Skull!

CAPTAIN AMERICA in the Case of the Baseball Murders—What horrible thing had changed the gay base-ball park into a field of carnage and terror? Captain America and Bucky gambled their very lives to match wits with the fiendish Bat upon the diamond of death!

CAPTAIN AMERICA Novelette — Let Captain America tell you the inside story behind the many characters who share his book. And there's some important news for you Sentinels of Liberty, too!

CAPTAIN AMERICA in Horror Plays the Scales — Each time he played his hideous tune, he reached the scales of death! But would the eerie menace of his sinister violin be deadly enough to conquer the avenging Captain America and Bucky?

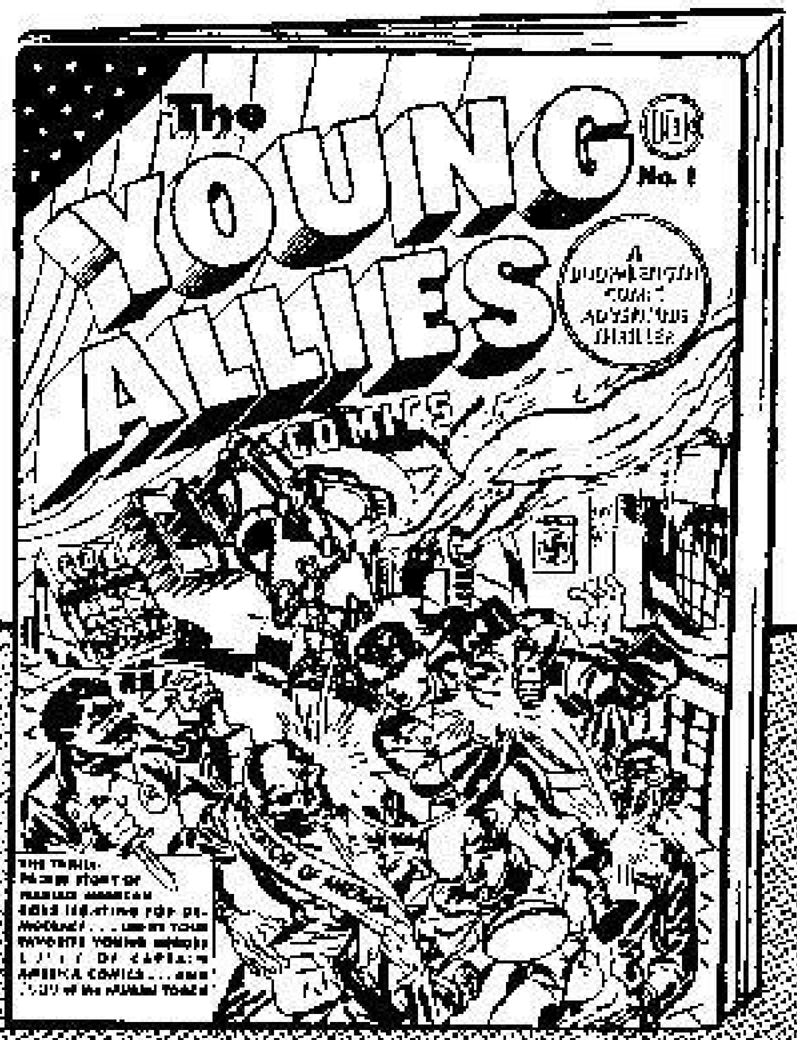
HURRICANE, Master of Speed, in Justice Laughs Last — With the speed of a blazing comet, Hurricane zooms down upon a bunch of killers in a thrill-packed tale of lightning-action! Also, meet the Master of Speed's new ally: Speedy Scriggles!

HEADLINE HUNTER, Foreign Correspondent, in Dust of Destruction — It took Headline Hunter, two-fisted ace newspaper-man, to unravel the riddle of the Plague of Death, but would his courage and strength be enough to overcome the horror at the farm of spies?

FATHER TIME in the Riddle of the Dictaphone Doom — With an innocent man's life at stake, Father Time again dons his robes of justice and prepares to meet the awful challenge of the league of murder!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY Secret CLUB News — Captain America has an important announcement for all Sentinels of Liberty — plus new games, puzzles and a secret code message.

Now on sale **YOUNG ALLIES COMICS.** A complete 64 page, all color story featuring **Bucky and Toro. Young Allies Comics** is a brand new fast action comic magazine that will lead all other comics! Get your copy now. Only 10c.



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CAPTAIN AMERICA

DECLARES A "STATE OF UNLIMITED JUNIOR NATIONAL EMERGENCY"!

From the desk of CAPTAIN AMERICA, National Commander-in-chief of the Sentinels of Liberty . . .

In these days of stress and danger to our native land, it is the duty of every Sentinel of Liberty to devote all his energies to the guarding of American Liberty and Freedom!

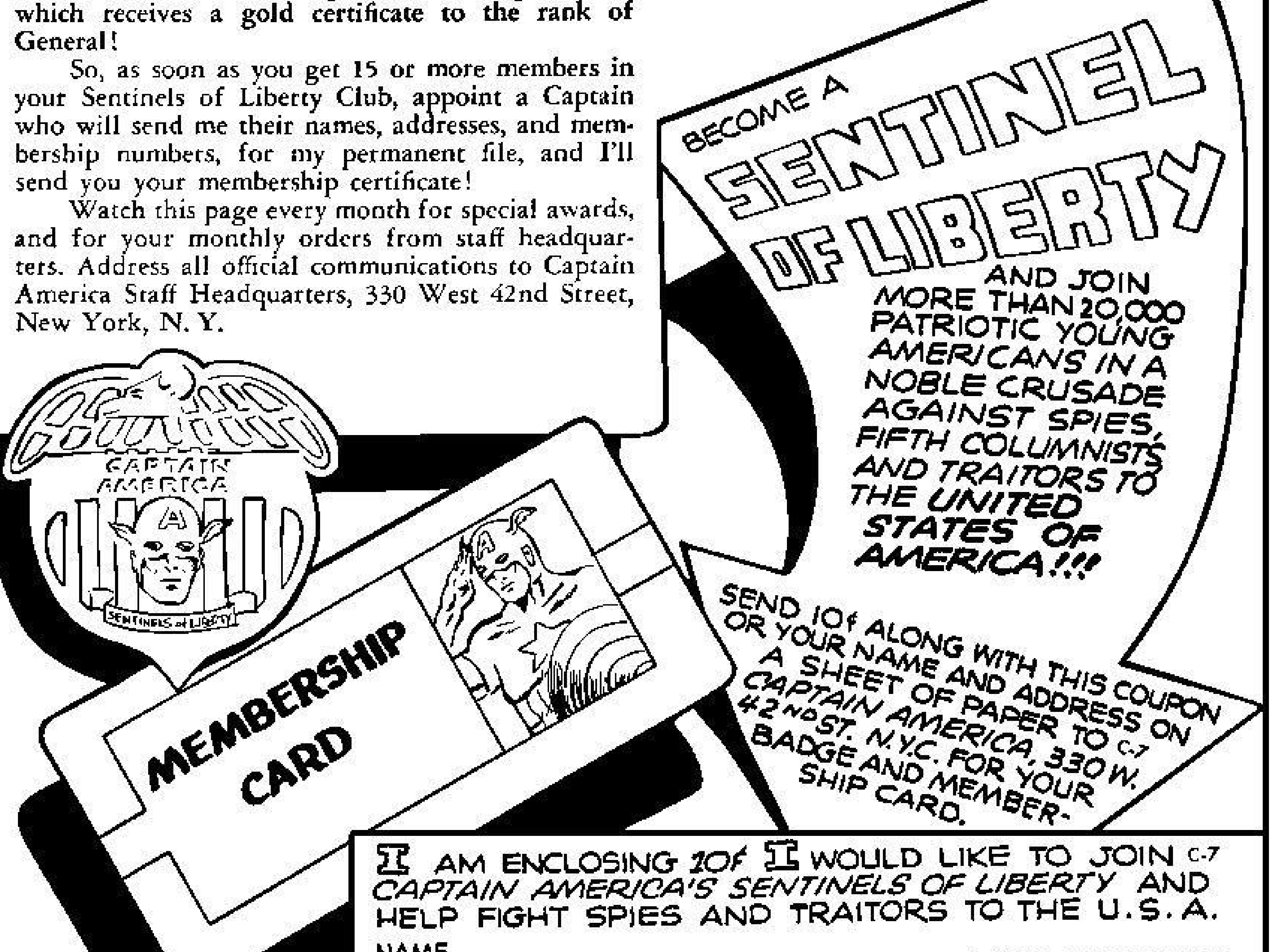
It is for this purpose that The Sentinels of Liberty are being organized upon a great, nation-wide scale!

My first proclamation is that I will send a special Charter of Membership to every Sentinel club with 15 or more members! Also, I will authorize each club to elect its own Captain. The Captain may then send me a memorandum about the conduct of two of his Sentinels. If I approve of the report, I'll authorize the Captain to appoint the two Sentinels as Lieutenants under him.

To every Sentinel organization that does a deed which deserves special attention, I'll send a gold certificate of merit! And the best patriotic deed of the month by a Sentinel club will receive notice on this page every issue! Remember, whenever news of a special patriotic deed is sent to me, I will consider authorizing the promotion of the Sentinel who did the deed! And I will promote the Captains of every Sentinel Chapter which receives a gold certificate to the rank of General!

So, as soon as you get 15 or more members in your Sentinels of Liberty Club, appoint a Captain who will send me their names, addresses, and membership numbers, for my permanent file, and I'll send you your membership certificate!

Watch this page every month for special awards, and for your monthly orders from staff headquarters. Address all official communications to Captain America Staff Headquarters, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

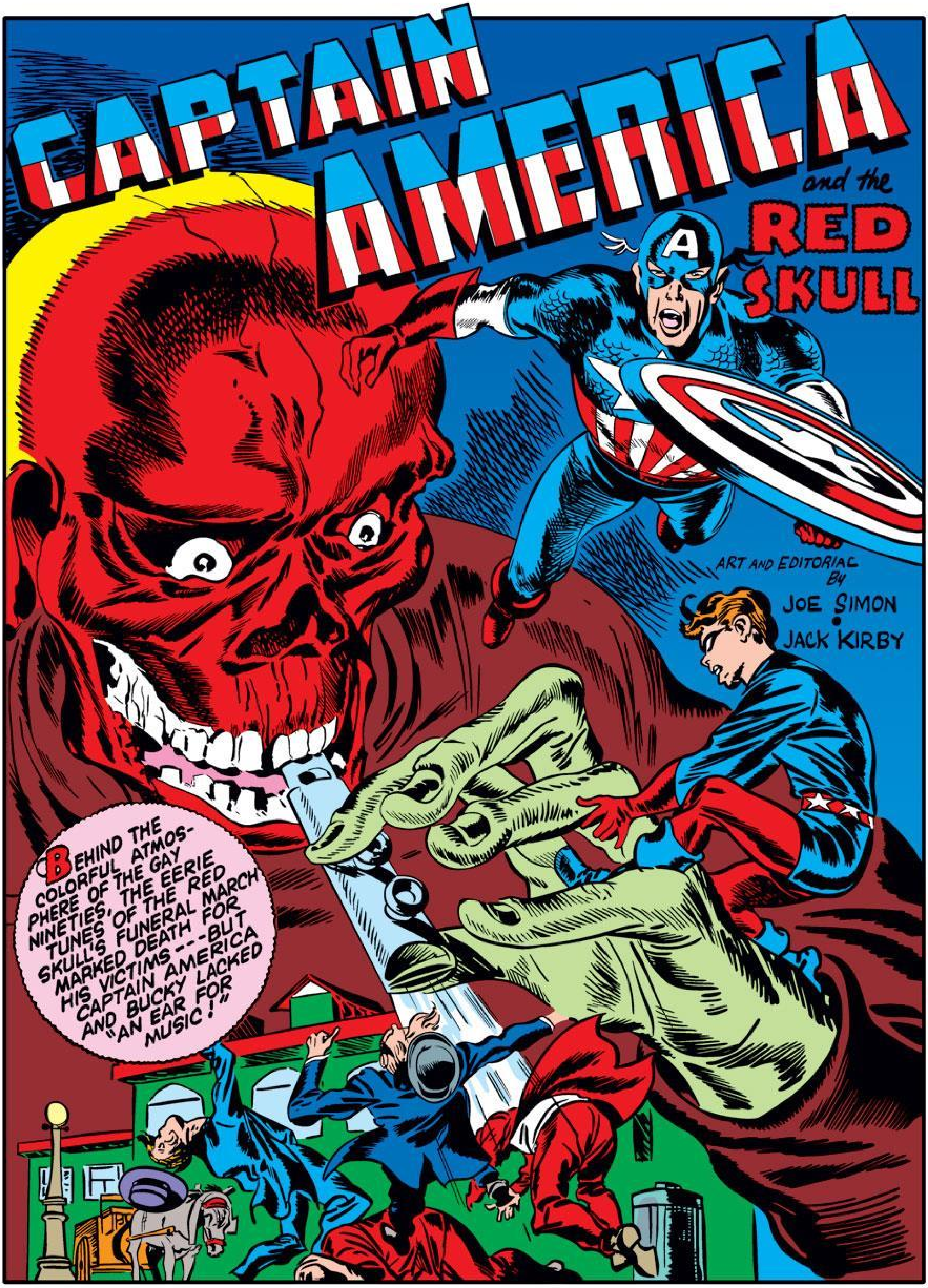

BECOME A
SENTINEL OF LIBERTY
AND JOIN MORE THAN 20,000 PATRIOTIC YOUNG AMERICANS IN A NOBLE CRUSADE AGAINST SPIES, FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND TRAITORS TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!!
SEND 10¢ ALONG WITH THIS COUPON OR YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A SHEET OF PAPER TO C-7 CAPTAIN AMERICA, 330 W. 42ND ST. N.Y.C. FOR YOUR BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD.
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SENTINELS of LIBERTY
MEMBERSHIP CARD

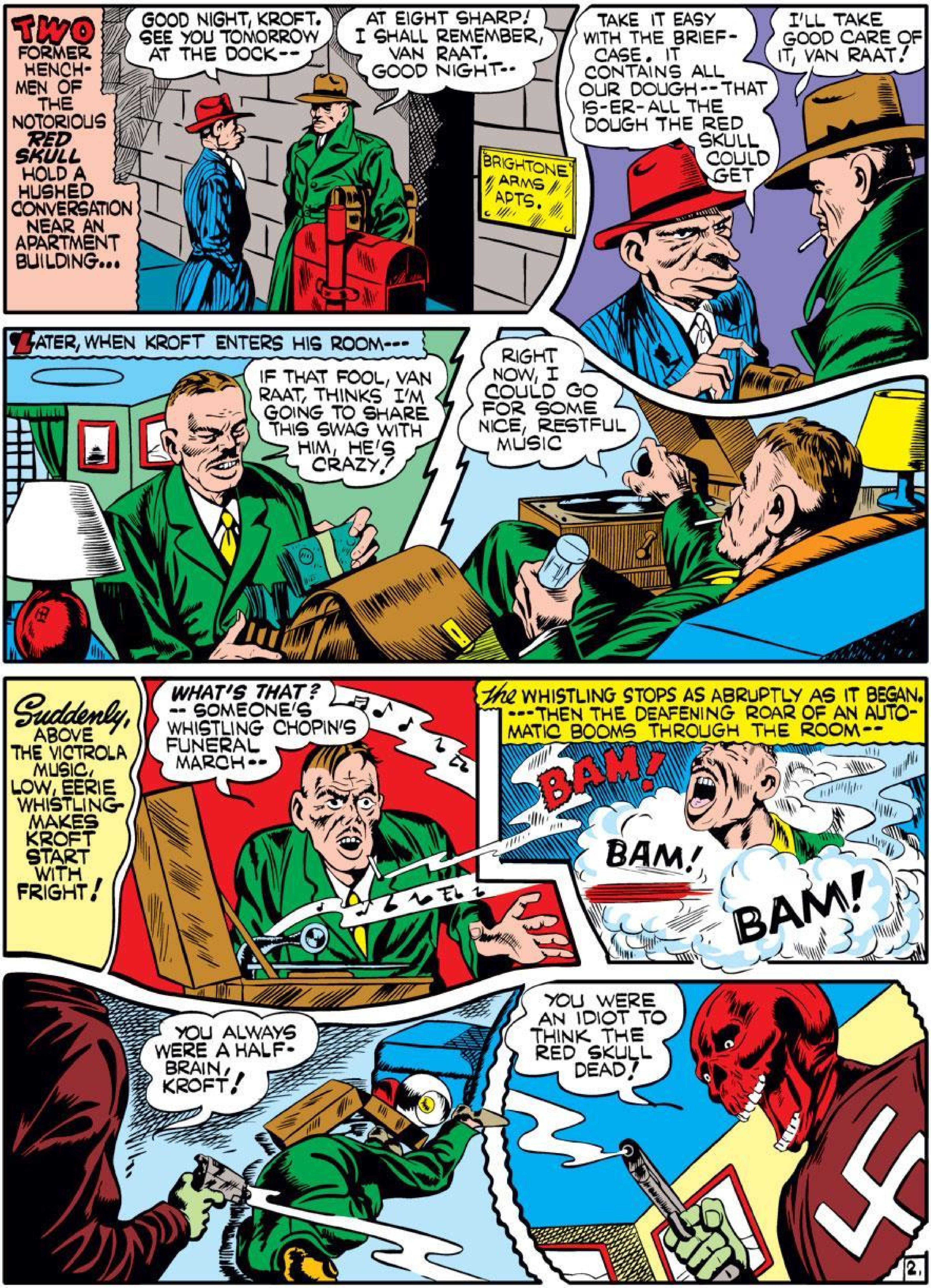
I AM ENCLOSING 10¢ I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN C-7 *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY* AND HELP FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U. S. A.

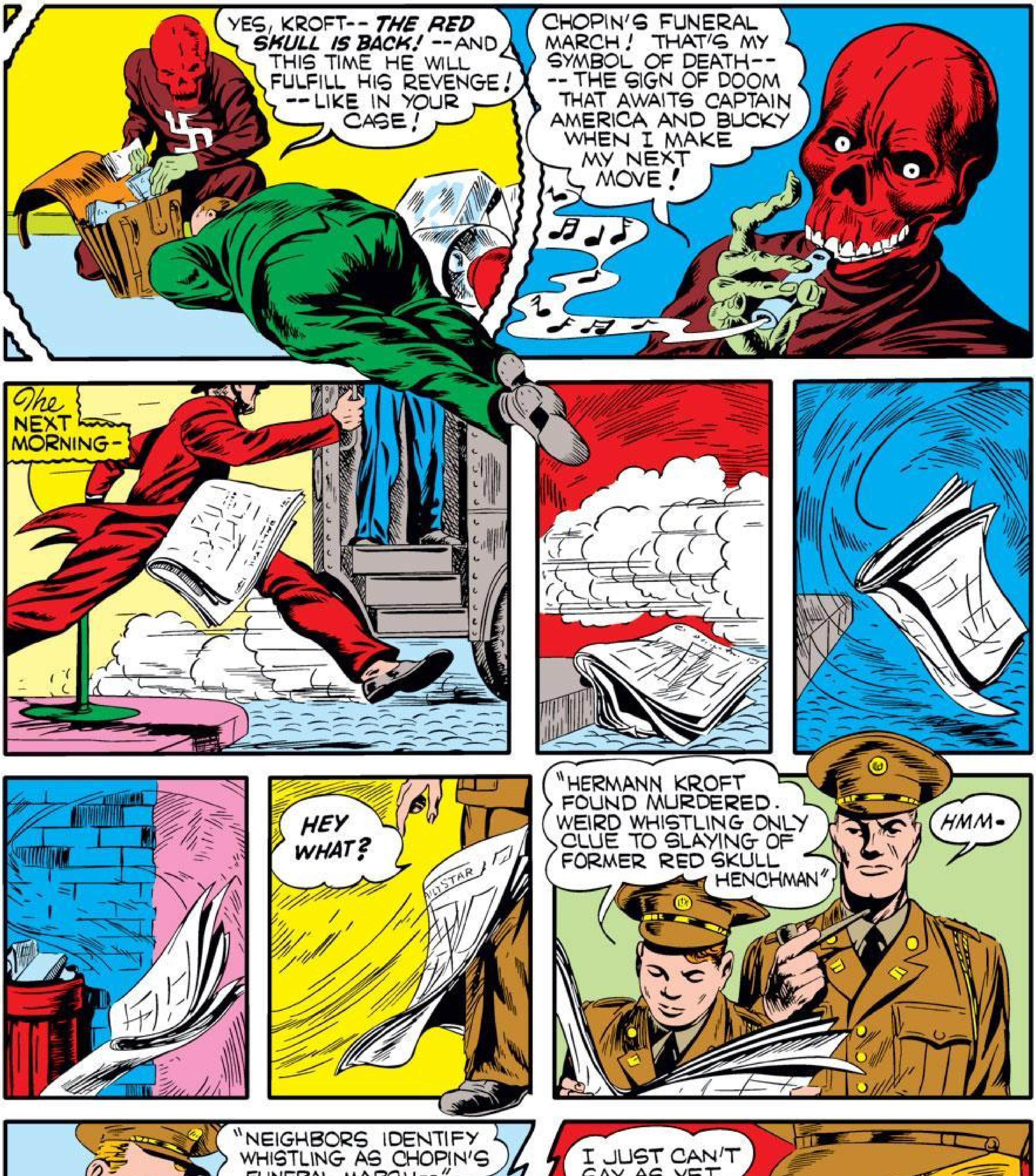
NAME . . . .

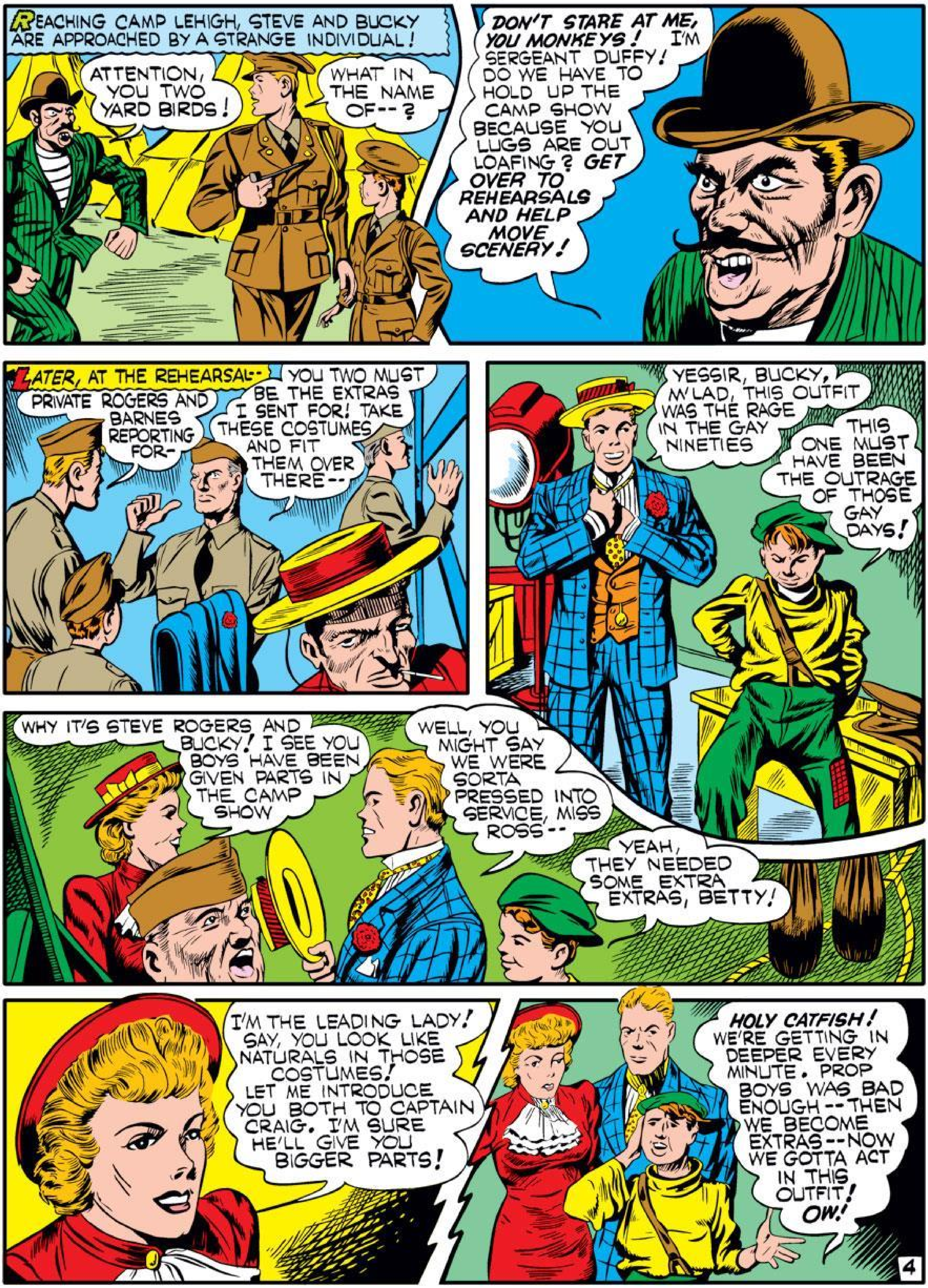
ADDRESS . . . .

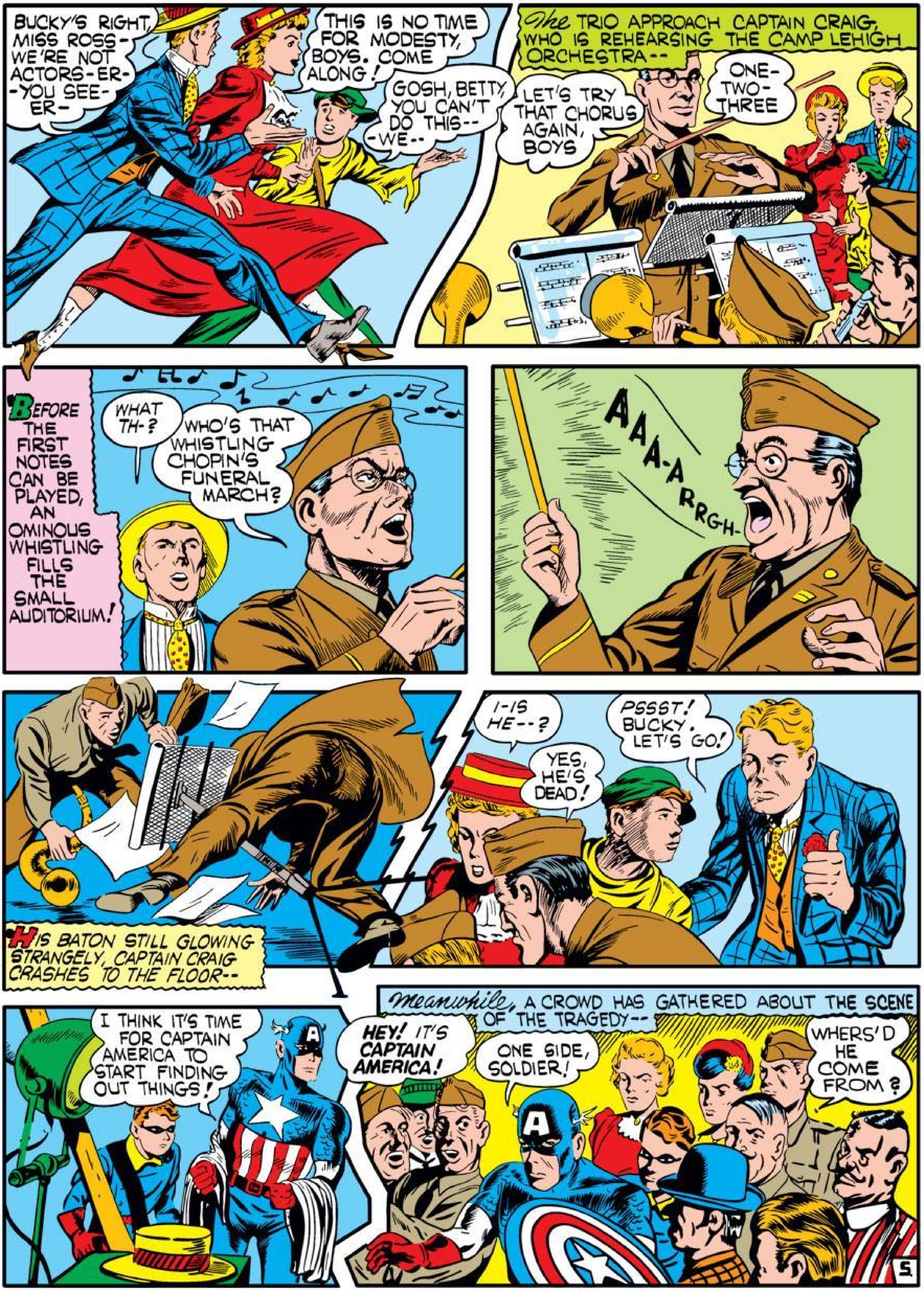
CITY AND STATE . . . .

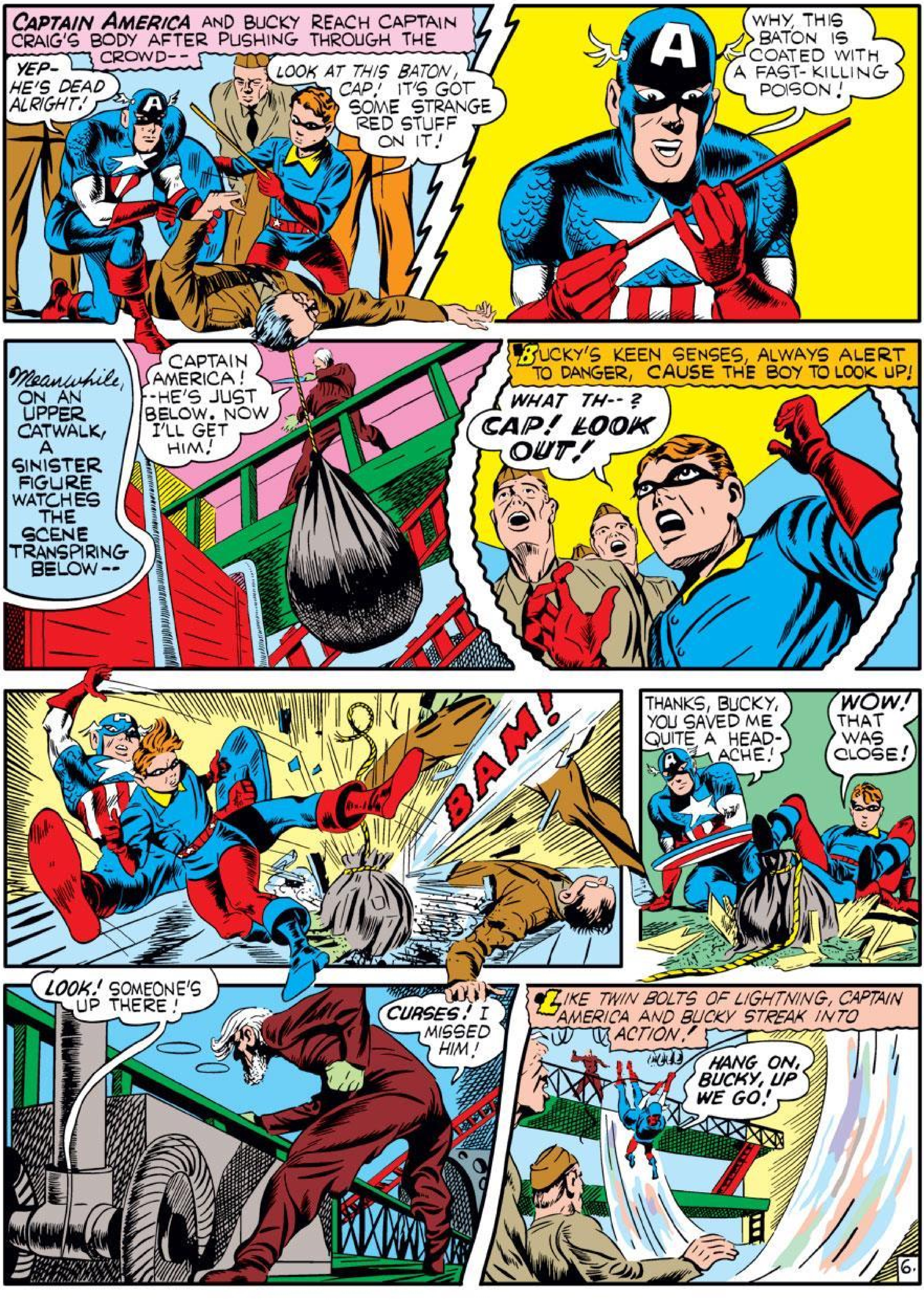

CAPTAIN AMERICA
and the
RED SKULL
ART AND EDITORIAL BY
JOE SIMON
JACK KIRBY
BEHIND THE COLORFUL ATMOSPHERE OF THE GAY NINETIES, THE EERIE TUNES OF THE RED SKULL'S FUNERAL MARCH MARKED DEATH FOR HIS VICTIMS---BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LACKED "AN EAR FOR MUSIC!"

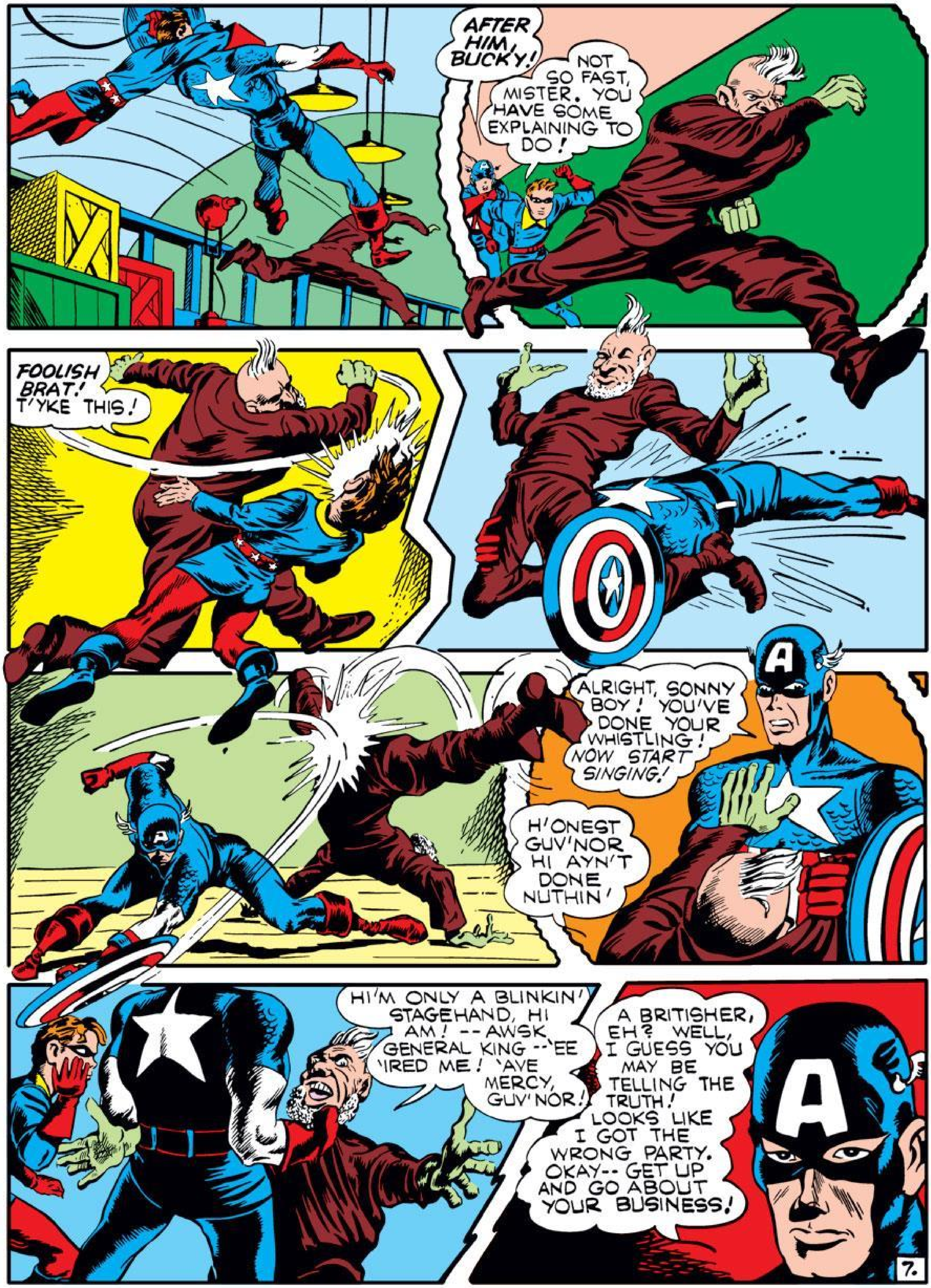

TWO FORMER HENCHMEN OF THE NOTORIOUS RED SKULL HOLD A HUSHED CONVERSATION NEAR AN APARTMENT BUILDING...
GOOD NIGHT, KROFT. SEE YOU TOMORROW AT THE DOCK--
AT EIGHT SHARP! I SHALL REMEMBER, VAN RAAT. GOOD NIGHT--
BRIGHTONE ARMS APTS.
TAKE IT EASY WITH THE BRIEF-CASE. IT CONTAINS ALL OUR DOUGH--THAT IS-ER-ALL THE DOUGH THE RED SKULL COULD GET
I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, VAN RAAT!
LATER, WHEN KROFT ENTERS HIS ROOM---
IF THAT FOOL, VAN RAAT, THINKS I'M GOING TO SHARE THIS SWAG WITH HIM, HE'S CRAZY!
RIGHT NOW, I COULD GO FOR SOME NICE, RESTFUL MUSIC
Suddenly, ABOVE THE VICTROLA MUSIC, LOW, EERIE WHISTLING MAKES KROFT START WITH FRIGHT!
WHAT'S THAT? -- SOMEONE'S WHISTLING CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH--
THE WHISTLING STOPS AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN. ---THEN THE DEAFENING ROAR OF AN AUTOMATIC BOOMS THROUGH THE ROOM--
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A HALF-BRAIN, KROFT!
YOU WERE AN IDIOT TO THINK THE RED SKULL DEAD!

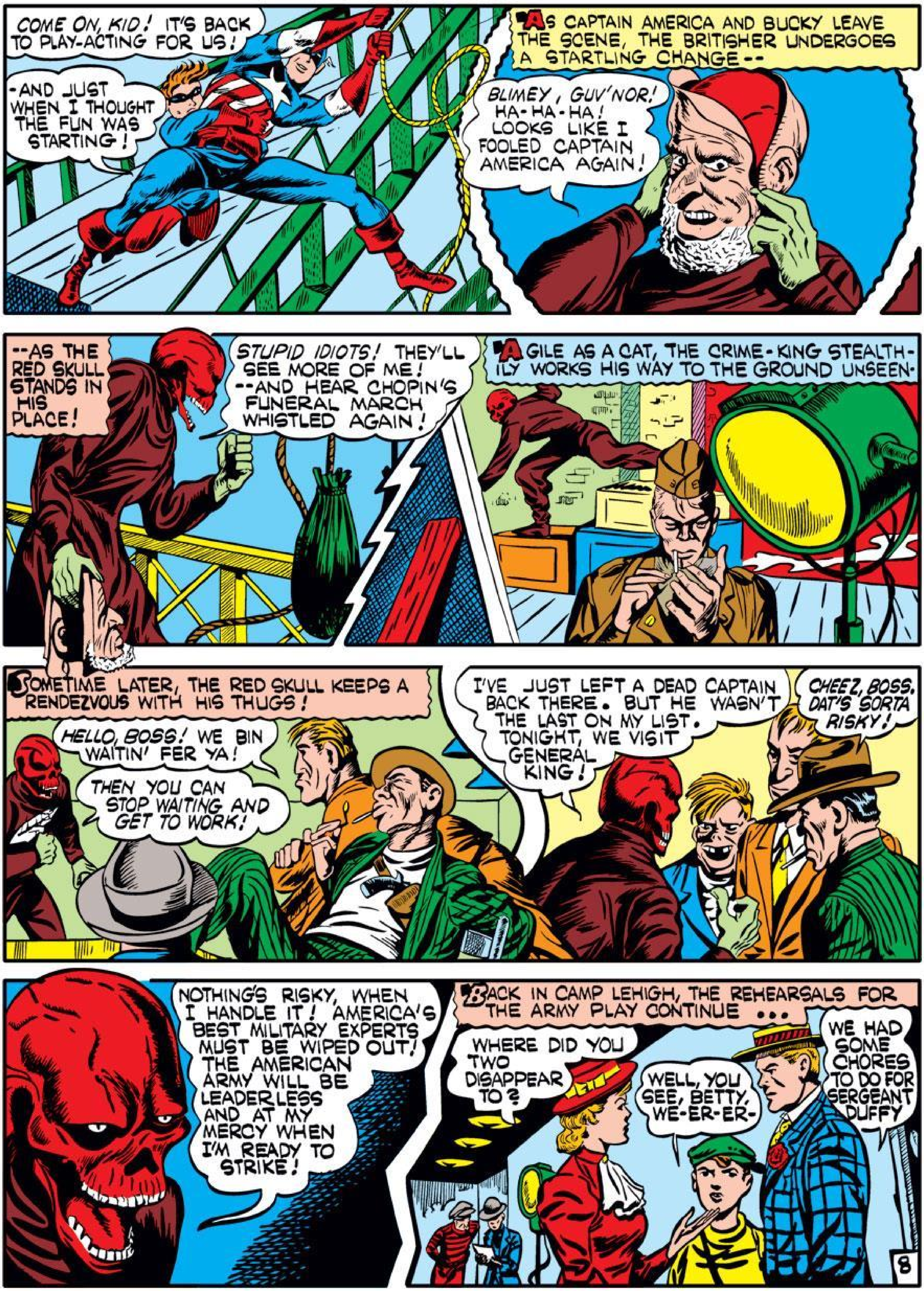

YES, KROFT-- **THE RED SKULL IS BACK!** --AND THIS TIME HE WILL FULFILL HIS REVENGE! --LIKE IN YOUR CASE!
CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH! THAT'S MY SYMBOL OF DEATH-- --THE SIGN OF DOOM THAT AWAITS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY WHEN I MAKE MY NEXT MOVE!
The NEXT MORNING-
HEY WHAT?
STAR
"HERMANN KROFT FOUND MURDERED. WEIRD WHISTLING ONLY CLUE TO SLAYING OF FORMER RED SKULL HENCHMAN"
HMM-
"NEIGHBORS IDENTIFY WHISTLING AS CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH--"
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, STEVE?
I JUST CAN'T SAY AS YET, BUCKY. AFTER ALL, THE RED SKULL WAS KILLED IN THE BLAST
3.

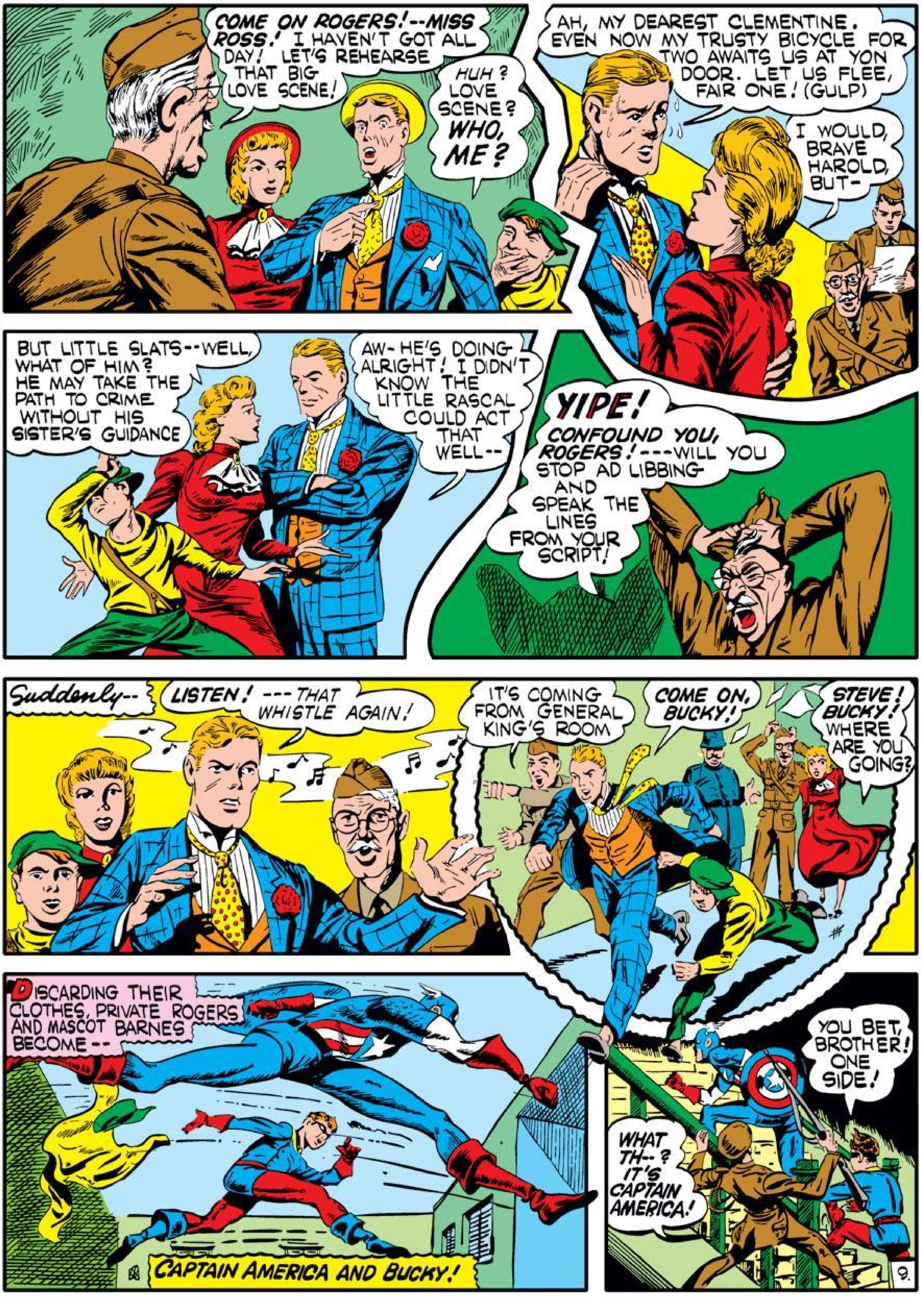

REACHING CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE AND BUCKY ARE APPROACHED BY A STRANGE INDIVIDUAL!
ATTENTION, YOU TWO YARD BIRDS!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?
DON'T STARE AT ME, YOU MONKEYS! I'M SERGEANT DUFFY! DO WE HAVE TO HOLD UP THE CAMP SHOW BECAUSE YOU LUGS ARE OUT LOAFING? GET OVER TO REHEARSALS AND HELP MOVE SCENERY!
LATER, AT THE REHEARSAL--
PRIVATE ROGERS AND BARNES REPORTING FOR-
YOU TWO MUST BE THE EXTRAS I SENT FOR! TAKE THESE COSTUMES AND FIT THEM OVER THERE--
YESSIR, BUCKY, M'LAD, THIS OUTFIT WAS THE RAGE IN THE GAY NINETIES
THIS ONE MUST HAVE BEEN THE OUTRAGE OF THOSE GAY DAYS!
WHY IT'S STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY! I SEE YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN GIVEN PARTS IN THE CAMP SHOW
WELL, YOU MIGHT SAY WE WERE SORTA PRESSED INTO SERVICE, MISS ROSS--
YEAH, THEY NEEDED SOME EXTRA EXTRAS, BETTY!
I'M THE LEADING LADY! SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE NATURALS IN THOSE COSTUMES! LET ME INTRODUCE YOU BOTH TO CAPTAIN CRAIG. I'M SURE HE'LL GIVE YOU BIGGER PARTS!
HOLY CATFISH! WE'RE GETTING IN DEEPER EVERY MINUTE. PROP BOYS WAS BAD ENOUGH--THEN WE BECOME EXTRAS--NOW WE GOTTA ACT IN THIS OUTFIT! OW!

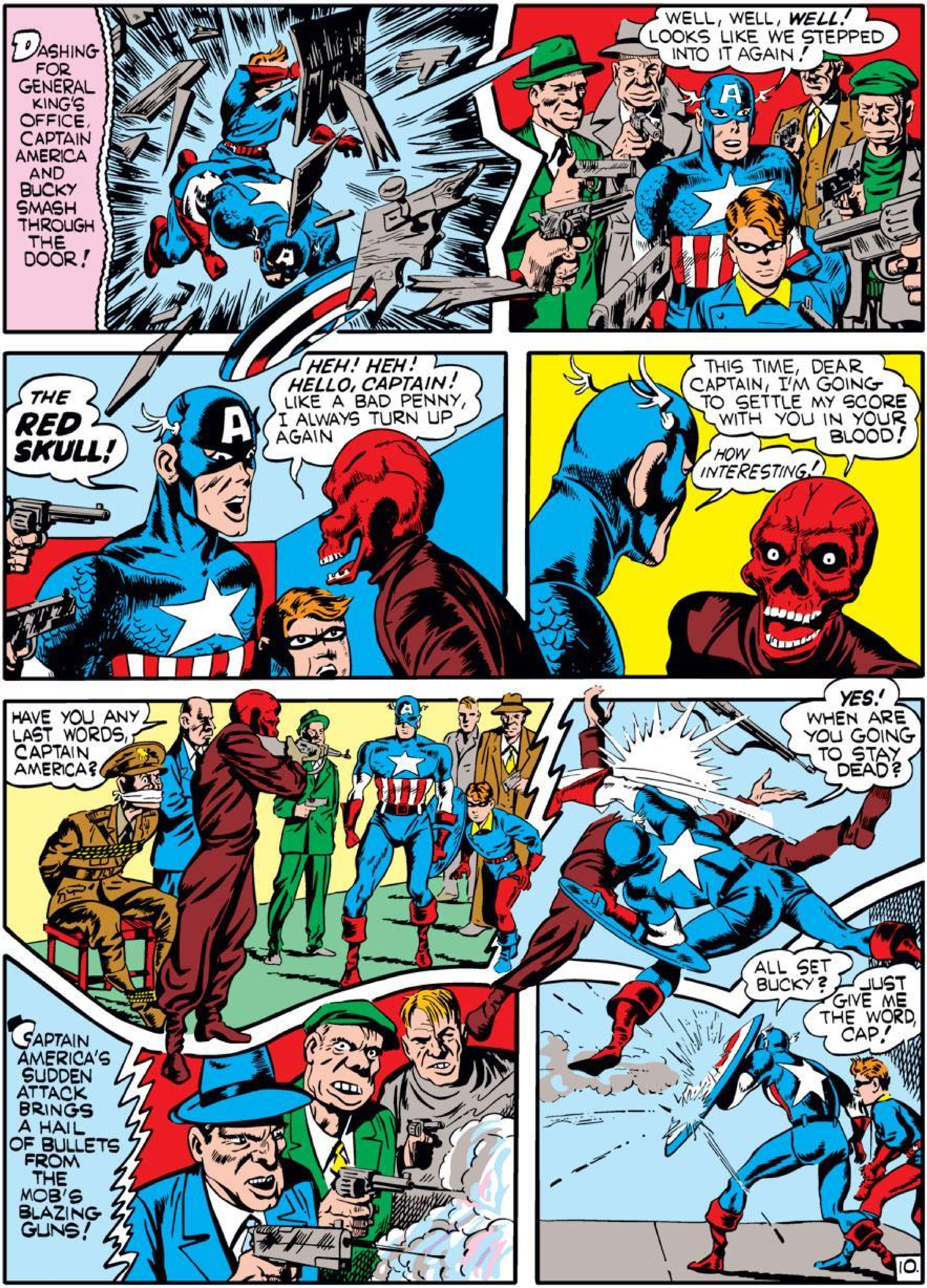

BUCKY'S RIGHT, MISS ROSS- WE'RE NOT ACTORS-ER- -YOU SEE- ER-
THIS IS NO TIME FOR MODESTY, BOYS. COME ALONG!
GOSH, BETTY, YOU CAN'T DO THIS-- -WE--
The TRIO APPROACH CAPTAIN CRAIG, WHO IS REHEARSING THE CAMP LEHIGH ORCHESTRA--
LET'S TRY THAT CHORUS AGAIN, BOYS
ONE- TWO- THREE
BEFORE THE FIRST NOTES CAN BE PLAYED, AN OMINOUS WHISTLING FILLS THE SMALL AUDITORIUM!
WHAT TH-?
WHO'S THAT WHISTLING CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH?
AAAA-A-ARRGH-
HIS BATON STILL GLOWING STRANGELY, CAPTAIN CRAIG CRASHES TO THE FLOOR--
I-IS HE--?
YES, HE'S DEAD!
PSSST! BUCKY. LET'S GO!
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO START FINDING OUT THINGS!
Meanwhile, A CROWD HAS GATHERED ABOUT THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY--
HEY! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
ONE SIDE, SOLDIER!
WHERS'D HE COME FROM?

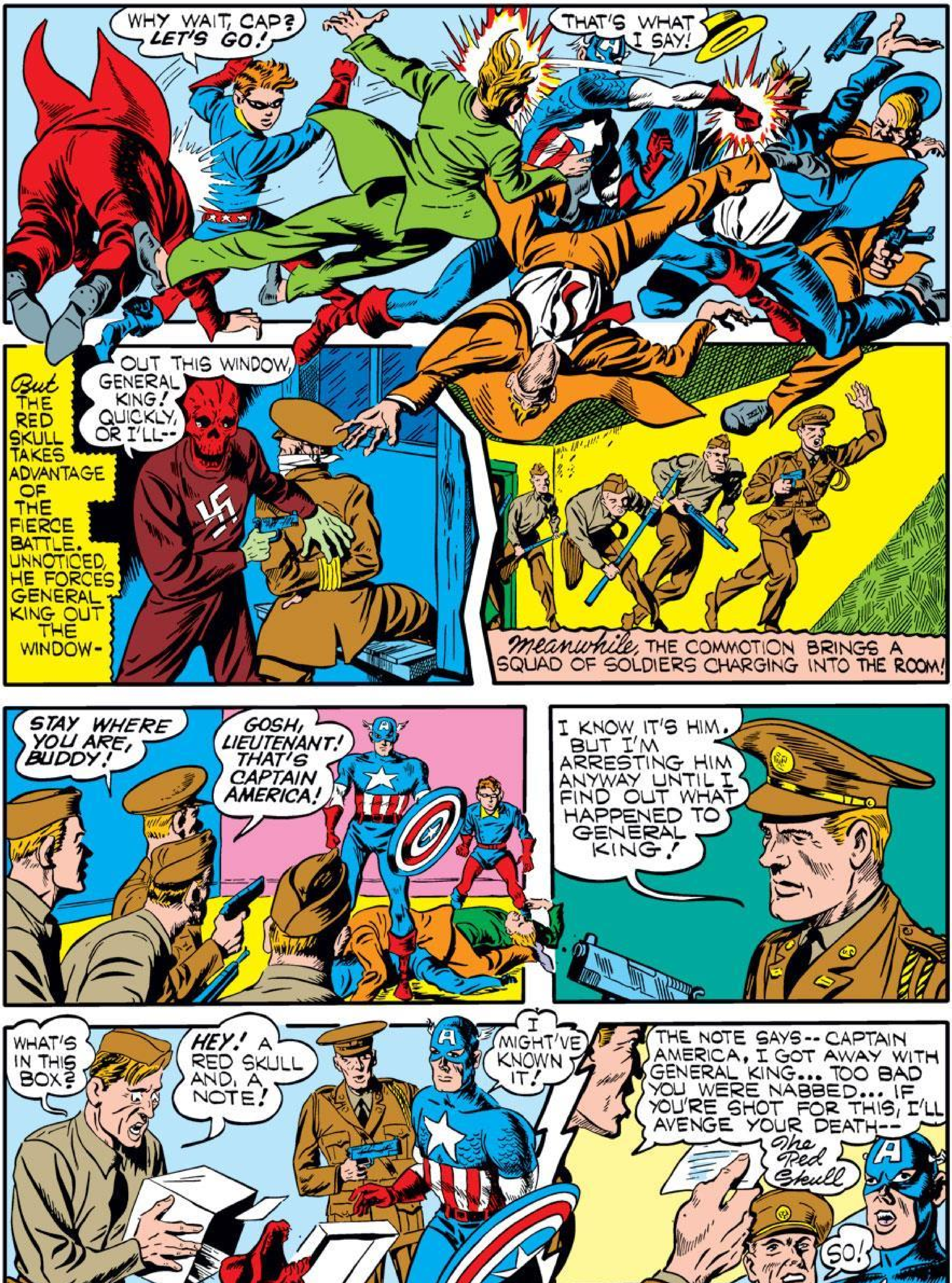

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REACH CAPTAIN CRAIG'S BODY AFTER PUSHING THROUGH THE CROWD--
YEP- HE'S DEAD ALRIGHT!
LOOK AT THIS BATON, CAP! IT'S GOT SOME STRANGE RED STUFF ON IT!
WHY, THIS BATON IS COATED WITH A FAST-KILLING POISON!
Meanwhile, ON AN UPPER CATWALK, A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES THE SCENE TRANSPIRING BELOW--
CAPTAIN AMERICA! --HE'S JUST BELOW. NOW I'LL GET HIM!
BUCKY'S KEEN SENSES, ALWAYS ALERT TO DANGER, CAUSE THE BOY TO LOOK UP!
WHAT TH--? CAP! LOOK OUT!
BAM!
THANKS, BUCKY, YOU SAVED ME QUITE A HEAD-ACHE!
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
LOOK! SOMEONE'S UP THERE!
CURSES! I MISSED HIM!
LIKE TWIN BOLTS OF LIGHTNING, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY STREAK INTO ACTION!
HANG ON, BUCKY, UP WE GO!
6.

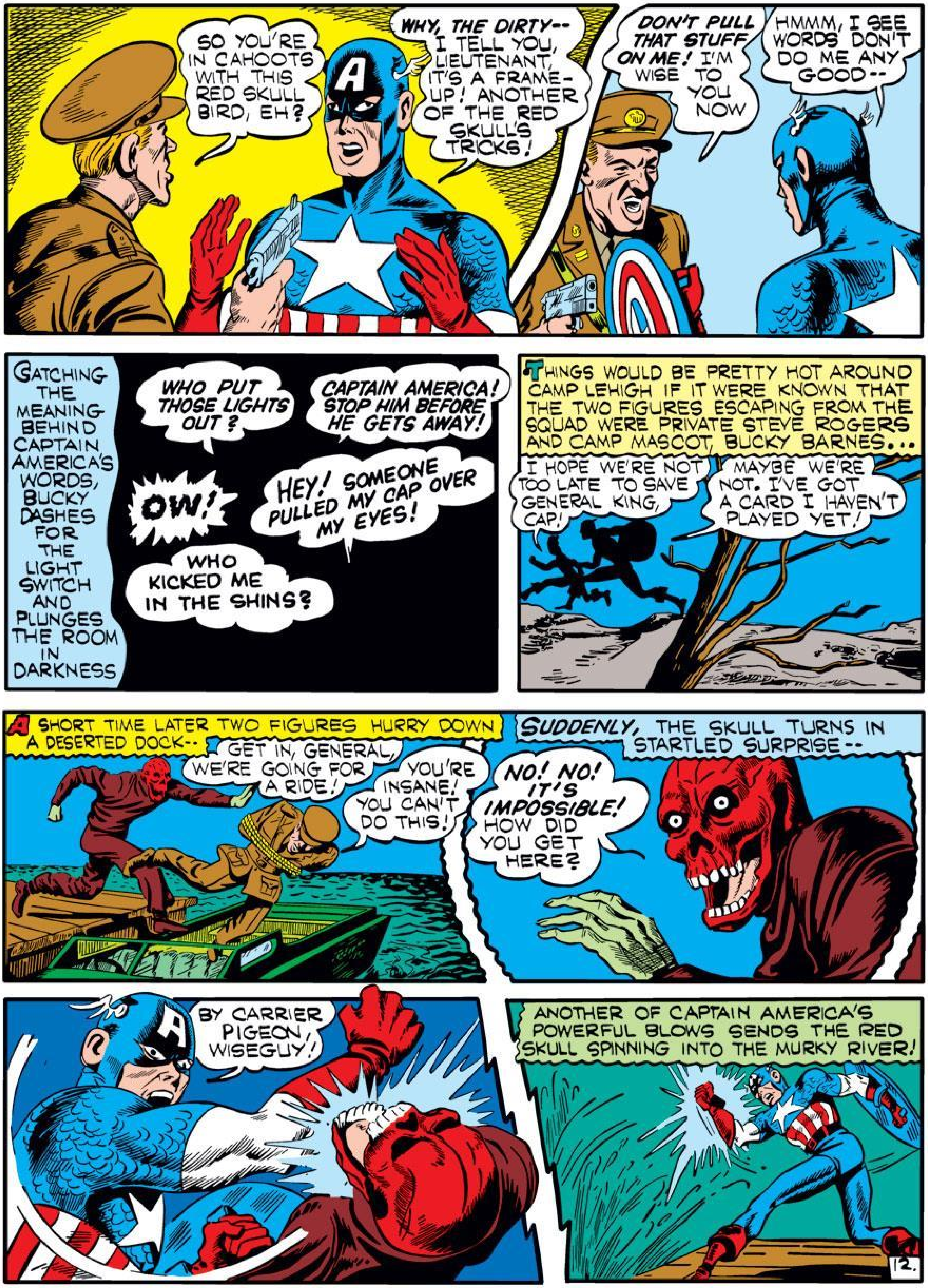

AFTER HIM, BUCKY!
NOT SO FAST, MISTER. YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!
FOOLISH BRAT! T'YKE THIS!
ALRIGHT, SONNY BOY! YOU'VE DONE YOUR WHISTLING! NOW START SINGING!
H'ONEST GUV'NOR HI AYN'T DONE NUTHIN'
HI'M ONLY A BLINKIN' STAGEHAND, HI AM! --AWSK GENERAL KING--'EE 'IRED ME! 'AVE MERCY, GUV'NOR!
A BRITISHER, EH? WELL, I GUESS YOU MAY BE TELLING THE TRUTH! LOOKS LIKE I GOT THE WRONG PARTY. OKAY-- GET UP AND GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS!

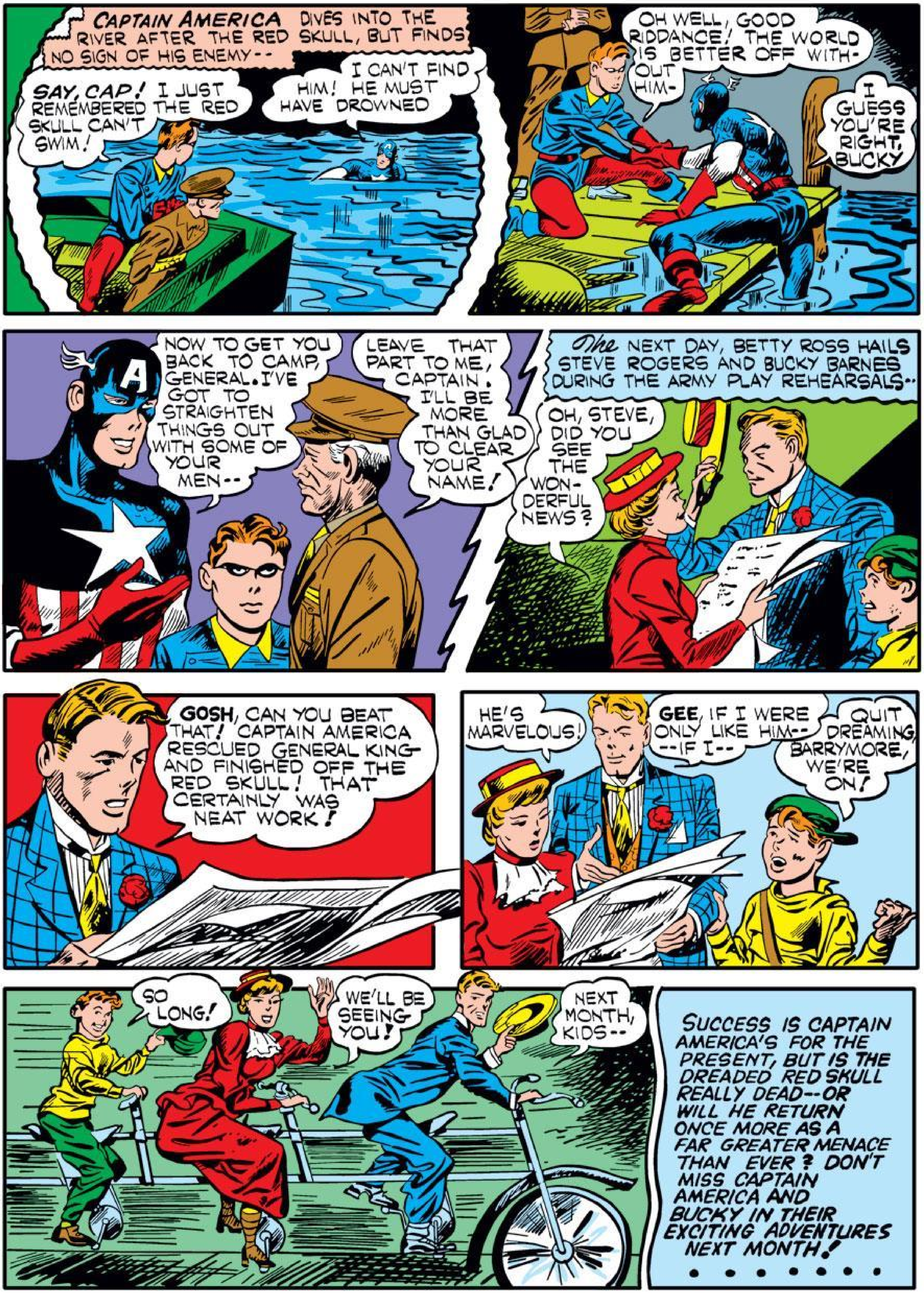

COME ON, KID! IT'S BACK TO PLAY-ACTING FOR US!
-AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THE FUN WAS STARTING!
AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LEAVE THE SCENE, THE BRITISHER UNDERGOES A STARTLING CHANGE--
BLIMEY, GUV'NOR! HA-HA-HA! LOOKS LIKE I FOOLED CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN!
--AS THE RED SKULL STANDS IN HIS PLACE!
STUPID IDIOTS! THEY'LL SEE MORE OF ME! --AND HEAR CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH WHISTLED AGAIN!
AGILE AS A CAT, THE CRIME-KING STEALTHILY WORKS HIS WAY TO THE GROUND UNSEEN.
SOMETIME LATER, THE RED SKULL KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH HIS THUGS!
HELLO, BOSS! WE BIN WAITIN' FER YA!
THEN YOU CAN STOP WAITING AND GET TO WORK!
I'VE JUST LEFT A DEAD CAPTAIN BACK THERE. BUT HE WASN'T THE LAST ON MY LIST. TONIGHT, WE VISIT GENERAL KING!
CHEEZ, BOSS. DAT'S SORTA RISKY!
NOTHING'S RISKY, WHEN I HANDLE IT! AMERICA'S BEST MILITARY EXPERTS MUST BE WIPED OUT! THE AMERICAN ARMY WILL BE LEADERLESS AND AT MY MERCY WHEN I'M READY TO STRIKE!
BACK IN CAMP LEHIGH, THE REHEARSALS FOR THE ARMY PLAY CONTINUE ...
WHERE DID YOU TWO DISAPPEAR TO?
WELL, YOU SEE, BETTY, WE-ER-ER-
WE HAD SOME CHORES TO DO FOR SERGEANT DUFFY


COME ON ROGERS!--MISS ROSS! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY! LET'S REHEARSE THAT BIG LOVE SCENE!
HUH? LOVE SCENE? WHO, ME?
AH, MY DEAREST CLEMENTINE. EVEN NOW MY TRUSTY BICYCLE FOR TWO AWAITS US AT YON DOOR. LET US FLEE, FAIR ONE! (GULP)
I WOULD, BRAVE HAROLD, BUT-
BUT LITTLE SLATS--WELL, WHAT OF HIM? HE MAY TAKE THE PATH TO CRIME WITHOUT HIS SISTER'S GUIDANCE
AW- HE'S DOING ALRIGHT! I DIDN'T KNOW THE LITTLE RASCAL COULD ACT THAT WELL--
YIPE!
CONFOUND YOU, ROGERS!---WILL YOU STOP AD LIBBING AND SPEAK THE LINES FROM YOUR SCRIPT!
Suddenly--
LISTEN! ---THAT WHISTLE AGAIN!
IT'S COMING FROM GENERAL KING'S ROOM
COME ON, BUCKY!
STEVE! BUCKY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DISCARDING THEIR CLOTHES, PRIVATE ROGERS AND MASCOT BARNES BECOME--
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
YOU BET, BROTHER! ONE SIDE!
WHAT TH--? IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!


DASHING FOR GENERAL KING'S OFFICE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SMASH THROUGH THE DOOR!
WELL, WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE WE STEPPED INTO IT AGAIN!
THE RED SKULL!
HEH! HEH! HELLO, CAPTAIN! LIKE A BAD PENNY, I ALWAYS TURN UP AGAIN
THIS TIME, DEAR CAPTAIN, I'M GOING TO SETTLE MY SCORE WITH YOU IN YOUR BLOOD!
HOW INTERESTING!
HAVE YOU ANY LAST WORDS, CAPTAIN AMERICA?
YES! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STAY DEAD?
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SUDDEN ATTACK BRINGS A HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE MOB'S BLAZING GUNS!
ALL SET BUCKY?
JUST GIVE ME THE WORD, CAP!
10.


WHY WAIT, CAP? LET'S GO!
THAT'S WHAT I SAY!
But THE RED SKULL TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE FIERCE BATTLE. UNNOTICED, HE FORCES GENERAL KING OUT THE WINDOW-
OUT THIS WINDOW, GENERAL KING! QUICKLY, OR I'LL--
Meanwhile, THE COMMOTION BRINGS A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS CHARGING INTO THE ROOM!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BUDDY!
GOSH, LIEUTENANT! THAT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I KNOW IT'S HIM. BUT I'M ARRESTING HIM ANYWAY UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GENERAL KING!
WHAT'S IN THIS BOX?
HEY! A RED SKULL AND, A NOTE!
I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT!
THE NOTE SAYS-- CAPTAIN AMERICA, I GOT AWAY WITH GENERAL KING... TOO BAD YOU WERE NABBED... IF YOU'RE SHOT FOR THIS, I'LL AVENGE YOUR DEATH-- The Red Skull
SO!
11


SO YOU'RE IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS RED SKULL BIRD, EH?
WHY, THE DIRTY-- I TELL YOU, LIEUTENANT, IT'S A FRAME-UP! ANOTHER OF THE RED SKULL'S TRICKS!
DON'T PULL THAT STUFF ON ME! I'M WISE TO YOU NOW
HMMM, I SEE WORDS DON'T DO ME ANY GOOD--
CATCHING THE MEANING BEHIND CAPTAIN AMERICA'S WORDS, BUCKY DASHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH AND PLUNGES THE ROOM IN DARKNESS
WHO PUT THOSE LIGHTS OUT?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!
OW!
HEY! SOMEONE PULLED MY CAP OVER MY EYES!
WHO KICKED ME IN THE SHINS?
THINGS WOULD BE PRETTY HOT AROUND CAMP LEHIGH IF IT WERE KNOWN THAT THE TWO FIGURES ESCAPING FROM THE SQUAD WERE PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND CAMP MASCOT, BUCKY BARNES...
I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE GENERAL KING, CAP!
MAYBE WE'RE NOT. I'VE GOT A CARD I HAVEN'T PLAYED YET!
A SHORT TIME LATER TWO FIGURES HURRY DOWN A DESERTED DOCK--
GET IN, GENERAL, WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!
YOU'RE INSANE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
SUDDENLY, THE SKULL TURNS IN STARTLED SURPRISE--
NO! NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
BY CARRIER PIGEON, WISEGUY!
ANOTHER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S POWERFUL BLOWS SENDS THE RED SKULL SPINNING INTO THE MURKY RIVER!
12.


CAPTAIN AMERICA DIVES INTO THE RIVER AFTER THE RED SKULL, BUT FINDS NO SIGN OF HIS ENEMY--
SAY, CAP! I JUST REMEMBERED THE RED SKULL CAN'T SWIM!
I CAN'T FIND HIM! HE MUST HAVE DROWNED
OH WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE! THE WORLD IS BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM-
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKY
NOW TO GET YOU BACK TO CAMP, GENERAL. I'VE GOT TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT WITH SOME OF YOUR MEN--
LEAVE THAT PART TO ME, CAPTAIN. I'LL BE MORE THAN GLAD TO CLEAR YOUR NAME!
The NEXT DAY, BETTY ROSS HAILS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES DURING THE ARMY PLAY REHEARSALS--
OH, STEVE, DID YOU SEE THE WONDERFUL NEWS?
GOSH, CAN YOU BEAT THAT! CAPTAIN AMERICA RESCUED GENERAL KING AND FINISHED OFF THE RED SKULL! THAT CERTAINLY WAS NEAT WORK!
HE'S MARVELOUS!
GEE, IF I WERE ONLY LIKE HIM-- --IF I--
QUIT DREAMING, BARRYMORE, WE'RE ON!
SO LONG!
WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!
NEXT MONTH, KIDS--
SUCCESS IS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FOR THE PRESENT, BUT IS THE DREADED RED SKULL REALLY DEAD--OR WILL HE RETURN ONCE MORE AS A FAR GREATER MENACE THAN EVER? DON'T MISS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH!
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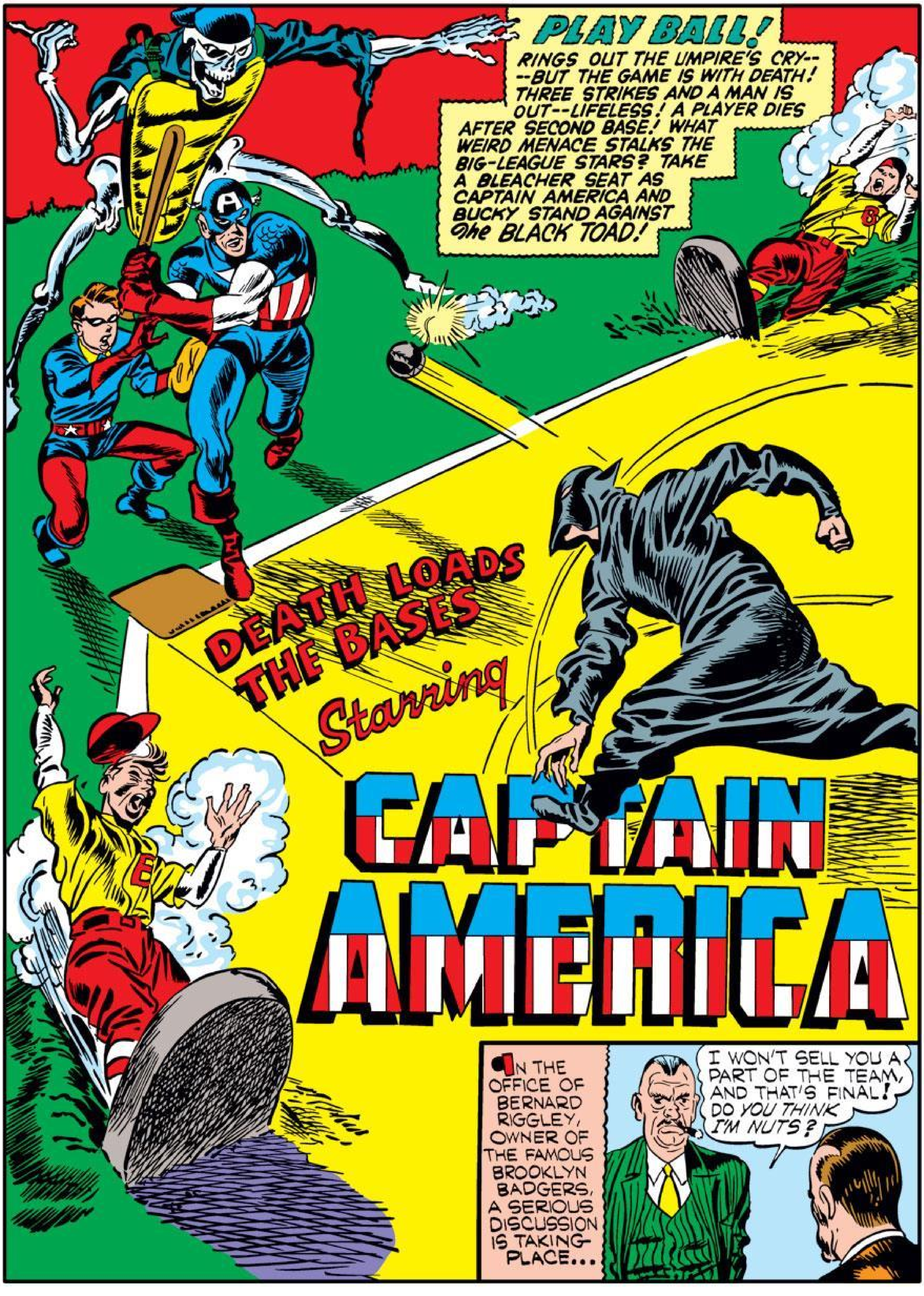
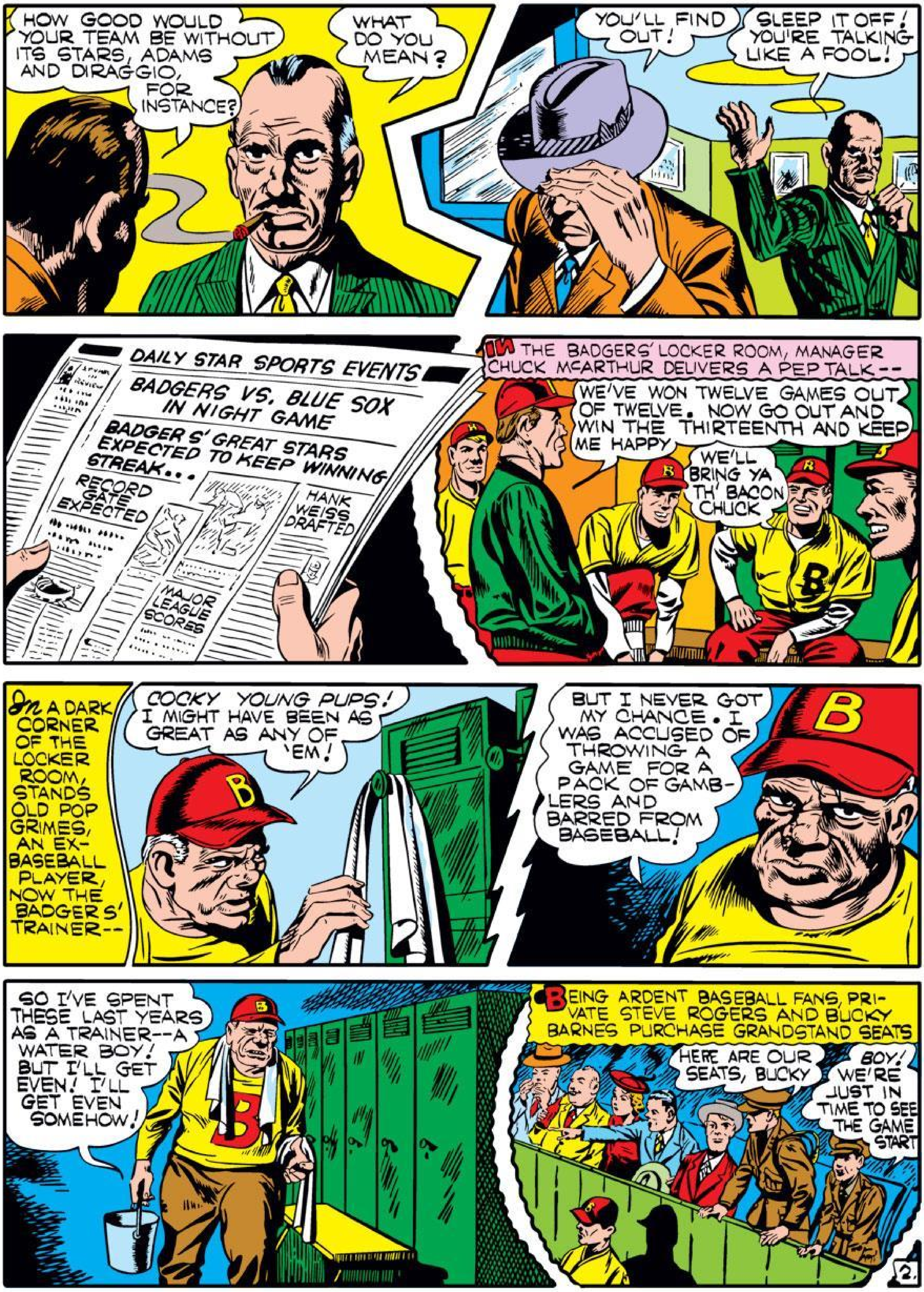
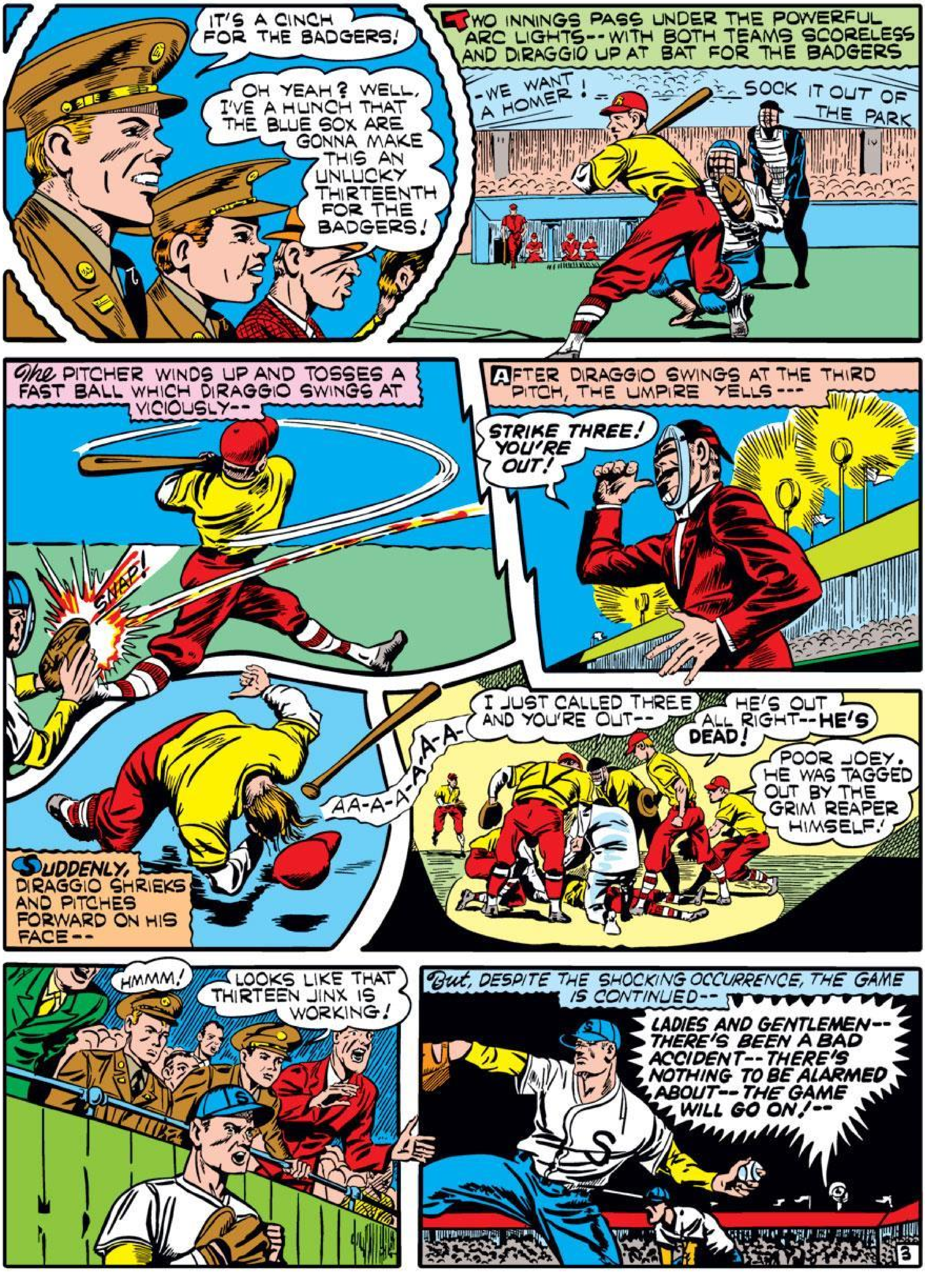
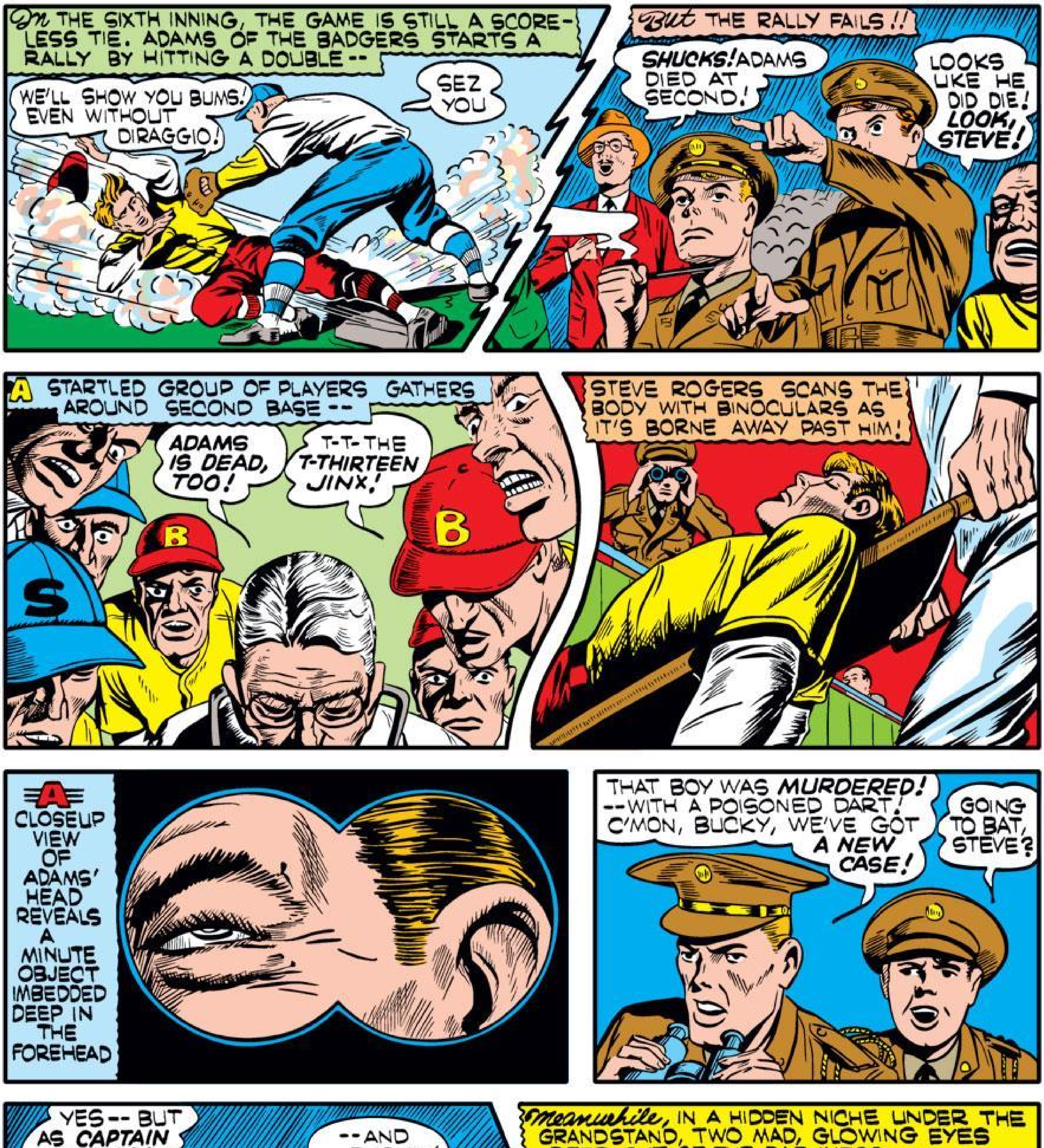
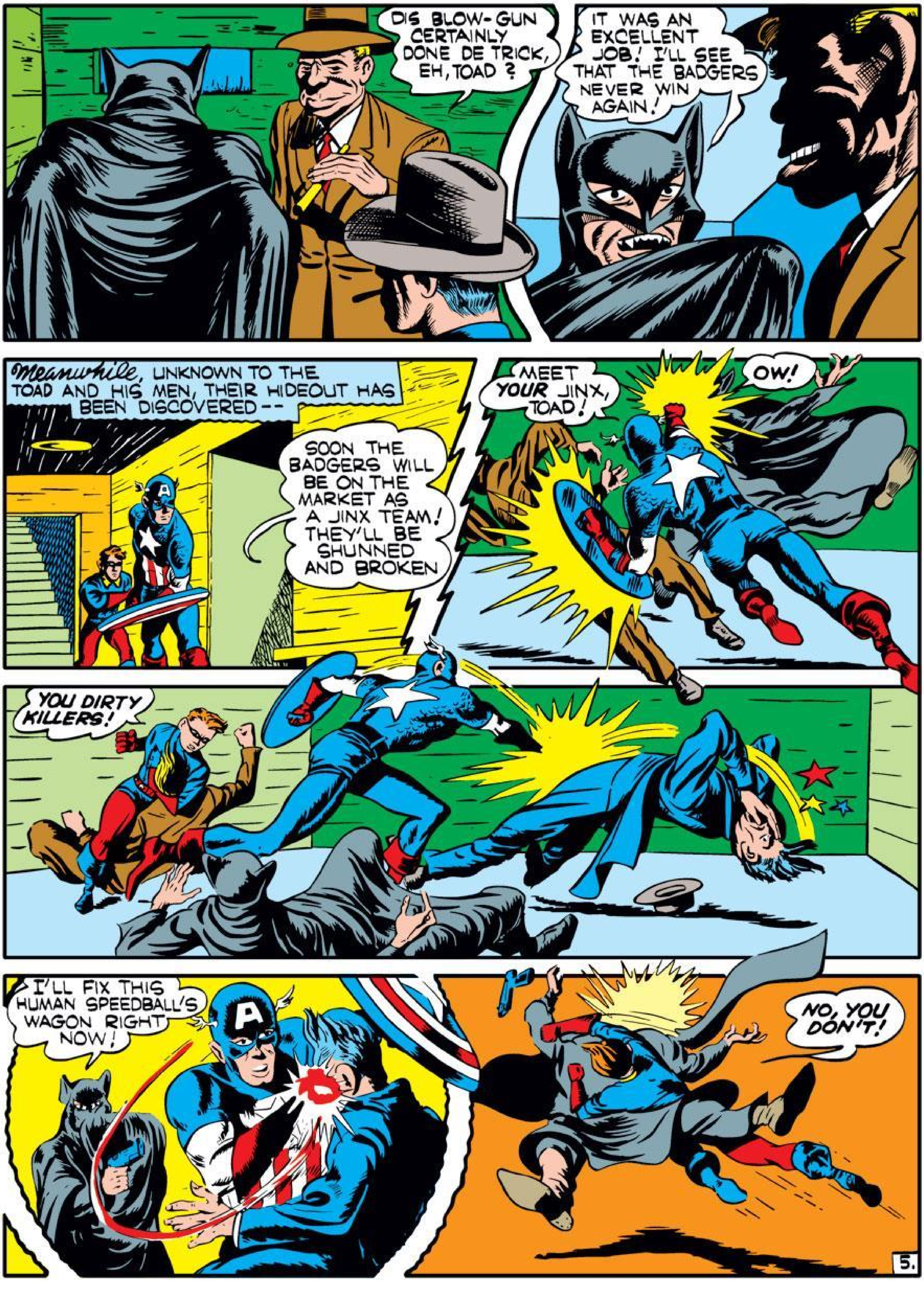
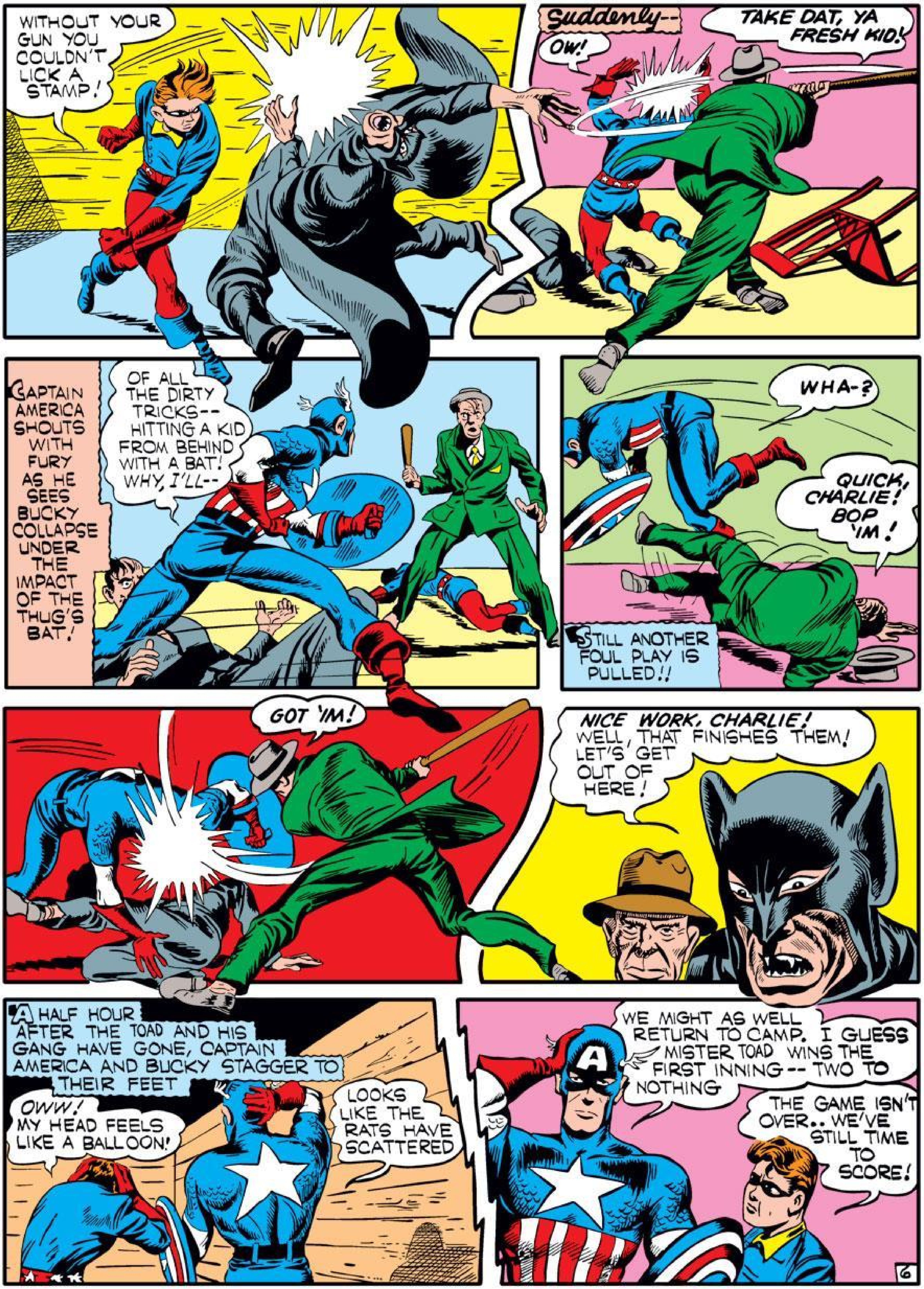

PLAY BALL!
RINGS OUT THE UMPIRE'S CRY-- --BUT THE GAME IS WITH DEATH! THREE STRIKES AND A MAN IS OUT--LIFELESS! A PLAYER DIES AFTER SECOND BASE! WHAT WEIRD MENACE STALKS THE BIG-LEAGUE STARS? TAKE A BLEACHER SEAT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY STAND AGAINST The BLACK TOAD!
DEATH LOADS THE BASES
Starring
CAPTAIN AMERICA
IN THE OFFICE OF BERNARD RIGGLEY, OWNER OF THE FAMOUS BROOKLYN BADGERS, A SERIOUS DISCUSSION IS TAKING PLACE...
I WON'T SELL YOU A PART OF THE TEAM, AND THAT'S FINAL! DO YOU THINK I'M NUTS?

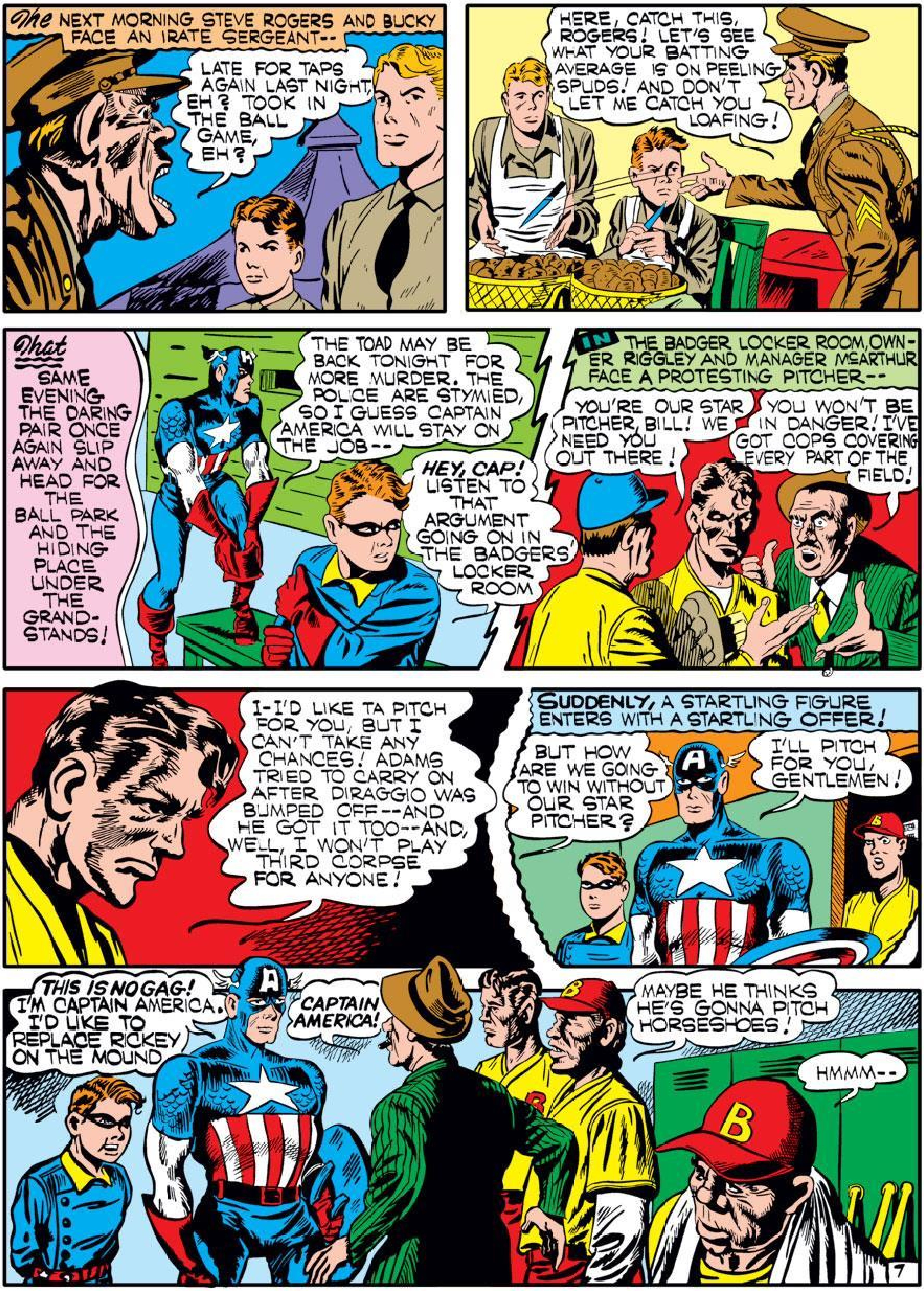

HOW GOOD WOULD YOUR TEAM BE WITHOUT ITS STARS, ADAMS AND DIRAGGIO, FOR INSTANCE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU'LL FIND OUT!
SLEEP IT OFF! YOU'RE TALKING LIKE A FOOL!
DAILY STAR SPORTS EVENTS
BADGERS VS. BLUE SOX IN NIGHT GAME
BADGER S' GREAT STARS EXPECTED TO KEEP WINNING STREAK...
RECORD GATE EXPECTED
HANK WEISS DRAFTED
MAJOR LEAGUE SCORES
IN THE BADGERS' LOCKER ROOM, MANAGER CHUCK McARTHUR DELIVERS A PEP TALK--
WE'VE WON TWELVE GAMES OUT OF TWELVE. NOW GO OUT AND WIN THE THIRTEENTH AND KEEP ME HAPPY
WE'LL BRING YA TH' BACON CHUCK
IN A DARK CORNER OF THE LOCKER ROOM, STANDS OLD POP GRIMES, AN EX-BASEBALL PLAYER, NOW THE BADGER S' TRAINER--
COCKY YOUNG PUPS! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN AS GREAT AS ANY OF 'EM!
BUT I NEVER GOT MY CHANCE. I WAS ACCUSED OF THROWING A GAME FOR A PACK OF GAMBLERS AND BARRED FROM BASEBALL!
SO I'VE SPENT THESE LAST YEARS AS A TRAINER--A WATER BOY! BUT I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL GET EVEN SOMEHOW!
BEING ARDENT BASEBALL FANS, PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES PURCHASE GRANDSTAND SEATS
HERE ARE OUR SEATS, BUCKY
BOY! WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE GAME START

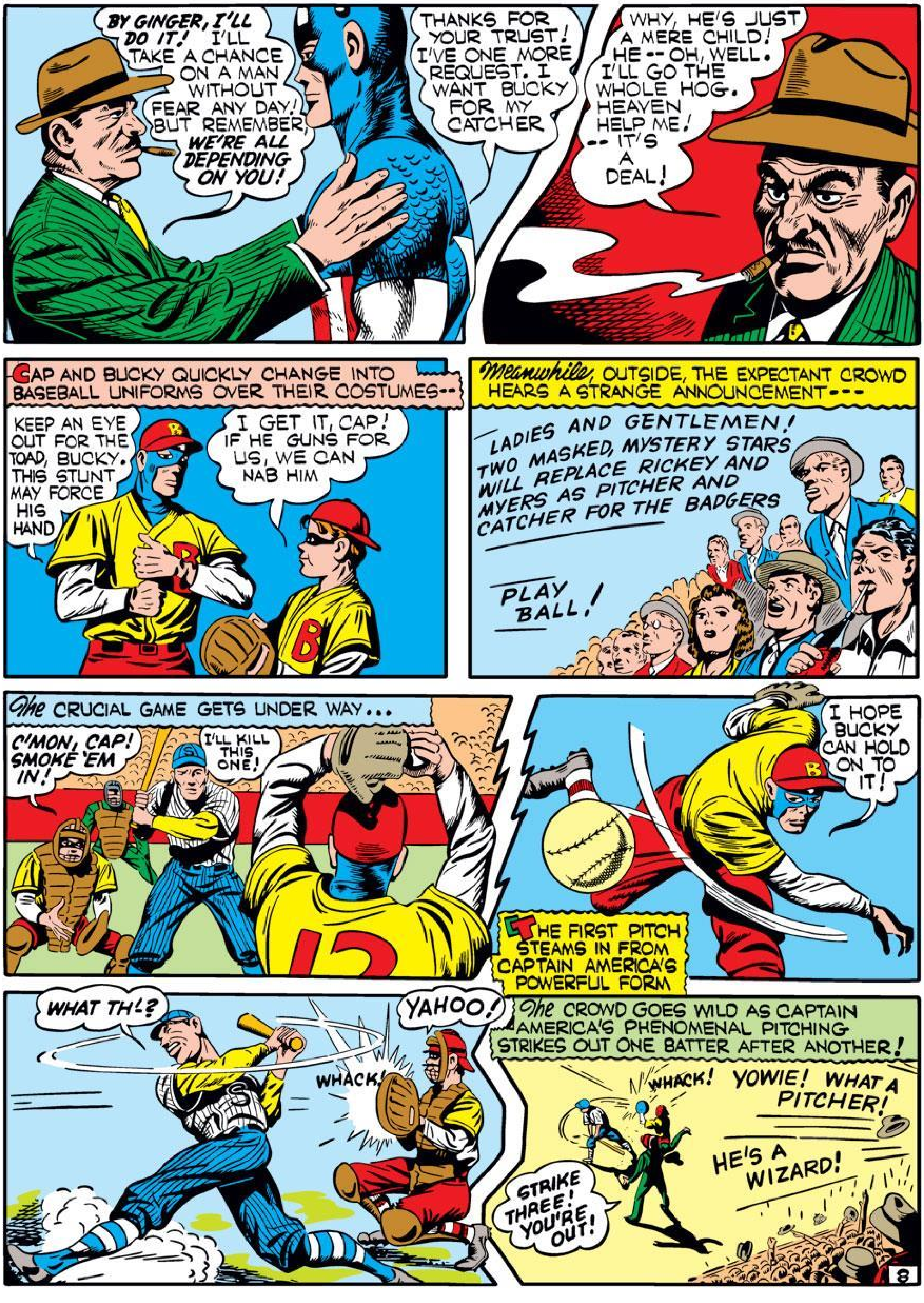

IT'S A CINCH FOR THE BADGERS!
OH YEAH? WELL, I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE BLUE SOX ARE GONNA MAKE THIS AN UNLUCKY THIRTEENTH FOR THE BADGERS!
TWO INNINGS PASS UNDER THE POWERFUL ARC LIGHTS--WITH BOTH TEAMS SCORELESS AND DIRAGGIO UP AT BAT FOR THE BADGERS
-WE WANT A HOMER!
SOCK IT OUT OF THE PARK
THE PITCHER WINDS UP AND TOSSES A FAST BALL WHICH DIRAGGIO SWINGS AT VICIOUSLY--
SNAP!
AFTER DIRAGGIO SWINGS AT THE THIRD PITCH, THE UMPIRE YELLS---
STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!
AA-A-A-A-A-A-A-
SUDDENLY, DIRAGGIO SHRIEKS AND PITCHES FORWARD ON HIS FACE--
I JUST CALLED THREE AND YOU'RE OUT--
HE'S OUT ALL RIGHT--HE'S DEAD!
POOR JOEY. HE WAS TAGGED OUT BY THE GRIM REAPER HIMSELF!
HMMM!
LOOKS LIKE THAT THIRTEEN JINX IS WORKING!
BUT, DESPITE THE SHOCKING OCCURRENCE, THE GAME IS CONTINUED--
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--THERE'S BEEN A BAD ACCIDENT--THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ALARMED ABOUT--THE GAME WILL GO ON!--

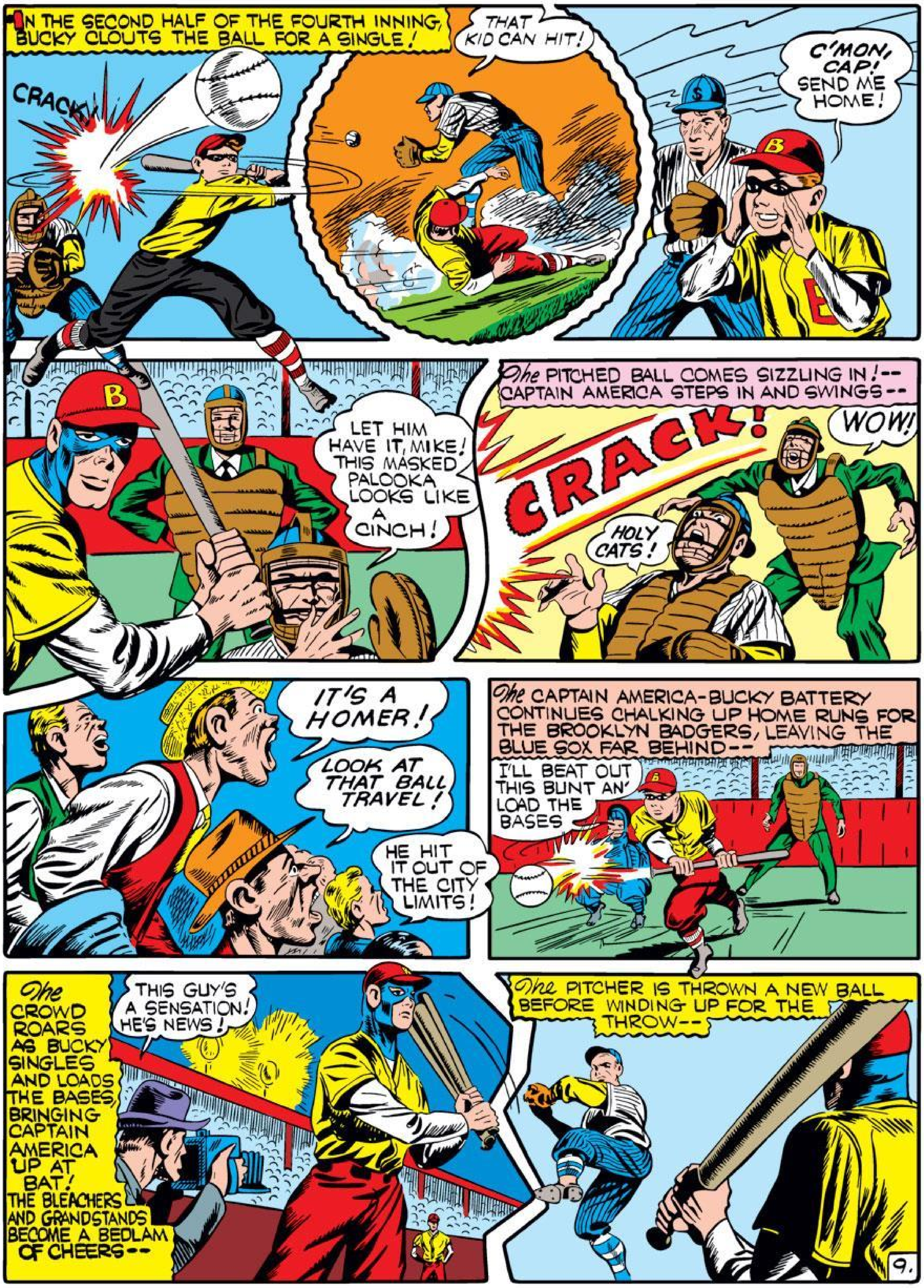

In the sixth inning, the game is still a scoreless tie. Adams of the Badgers starts a rally by hitting a double --
WE'LL SHOW YOU BUMS! EVEN WITHOUT DIRAGGIO!
SEZ YOU
But the rally fails!!
SHUCKS! ADAMS DIED AT SECOND!
LOOKS LIKE HE DID DIE! LOOK, STEVE!
A startled group of players gathers around second base --
ADAMS IS DEAD, TOO!
T-T-THE T-THIRTEEN JINX!
B
S
STEVE ROGERS SCANS THE BODY WITH BINOCULARS AS IT'S BORNE AWAY PAST HIM!
A CLOSEUP VIEW OF ADAMS' HEAD REVEALS A MINUTE OBJECT IMBEDDED DEEP IN THE FOREHEAD
THAT BOY WAS MURDERED! --WITH A POISONED DART! C'MON, BUCKY, WE'VE GOT A NEW CASE!
GOING TO BAT, STEVE?
YES -- BUT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
--AND BUCKY!
Meanwhile, in a hidden niche under the grandstand, two mad, glowing eyes peer out of the darkness ---
HA-HA! DIRAGGIO AND ADAMS GONE! THE BADGERS' BEST PLAYERS! HA-HA! HA-HA!
4.

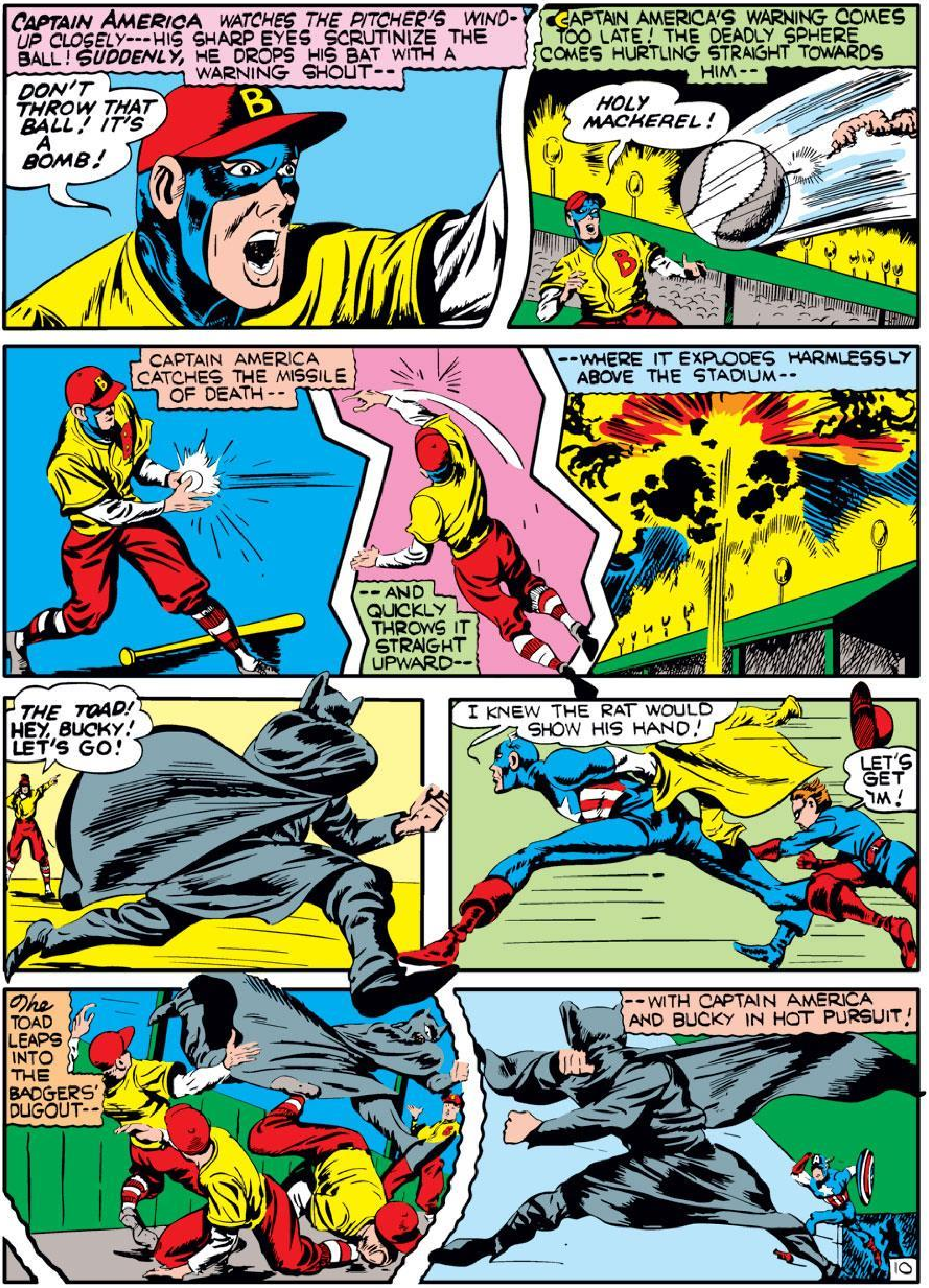

DIS BLOW-GUN CERTAINLY DONE DE TRICK, EH, TOAD ?
IT WAS AN EXCELLENT JOB! I'LL SEE THAT THE BADGERS NEVER WIN AGAIN!
Meanwhile, UNKNOWN TO THE TOAD AND HIS MEN, THEIR HIDEOUT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED--
SOON THE BADGERS WILL BE ON THE MARKET AS A JINX TEAM! THEY'LL BE SHUNNED AND BROKEN
MEET YOUR JINX, TOAD!
OW!
YOU DIRTY KILLERS!
I'LL FIX THIS HUMAN SPEEDBALL'S WAGON RIGHT NOW!
NO, YOU DON'T!

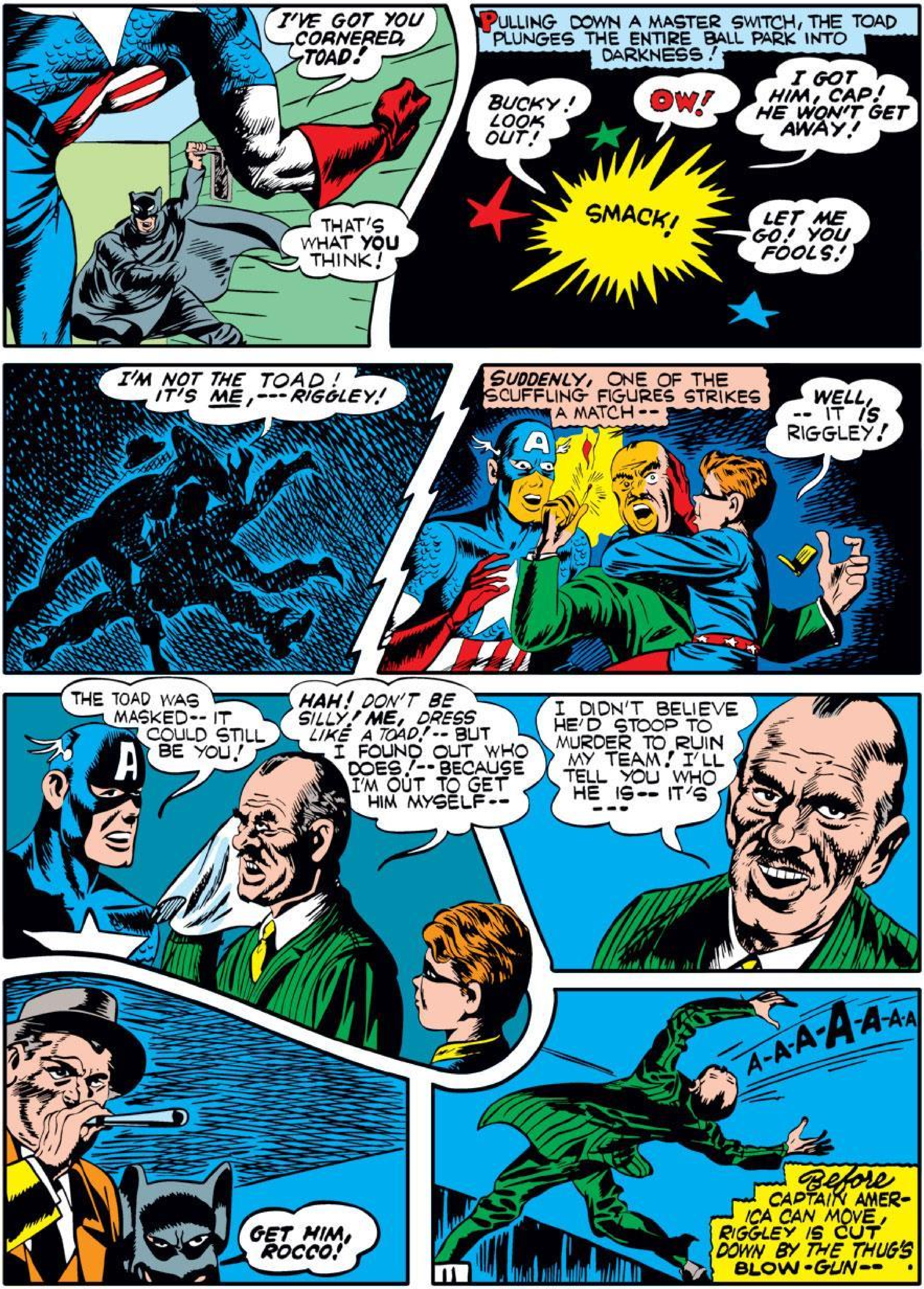

WITHOUT YOUR GUN YOU COULDN'T LICK A STAMP!
Suddenly--
OW!
TAKE DAT, YA FRESH KID!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SHOUTS WITH FURY AS HE SEES BUCKY COLLAPSE UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE THUG'S BAT!
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS-- HITTING A KID FROM BEHIND WITH A BAT! WHY, I'LL--
WHA-?
QUICK, CHARLIE! BOP 'IM!
STILL ANOTHER FOUL PLAY IS PULLED!!
GOT 'IM!
NICE WORK, CHARLIE! WELL, THAT FINISHES THEM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
A HALF HOUR AFTER THE TOAD AND HIS GANG HAVE GONE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY STAGGER TO THEIR FEET
OWW! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A BALLOON!
LOOKS LIKE THE RATS HAVE SCATTERED
WE MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO CAMP. I GUESS MISTER TOAD WINS THE FIRST INNING -- TWO TO NOTHING
THE GAME ISN'T OVER.. WE'VE STILL TIME TO SCORE!
6

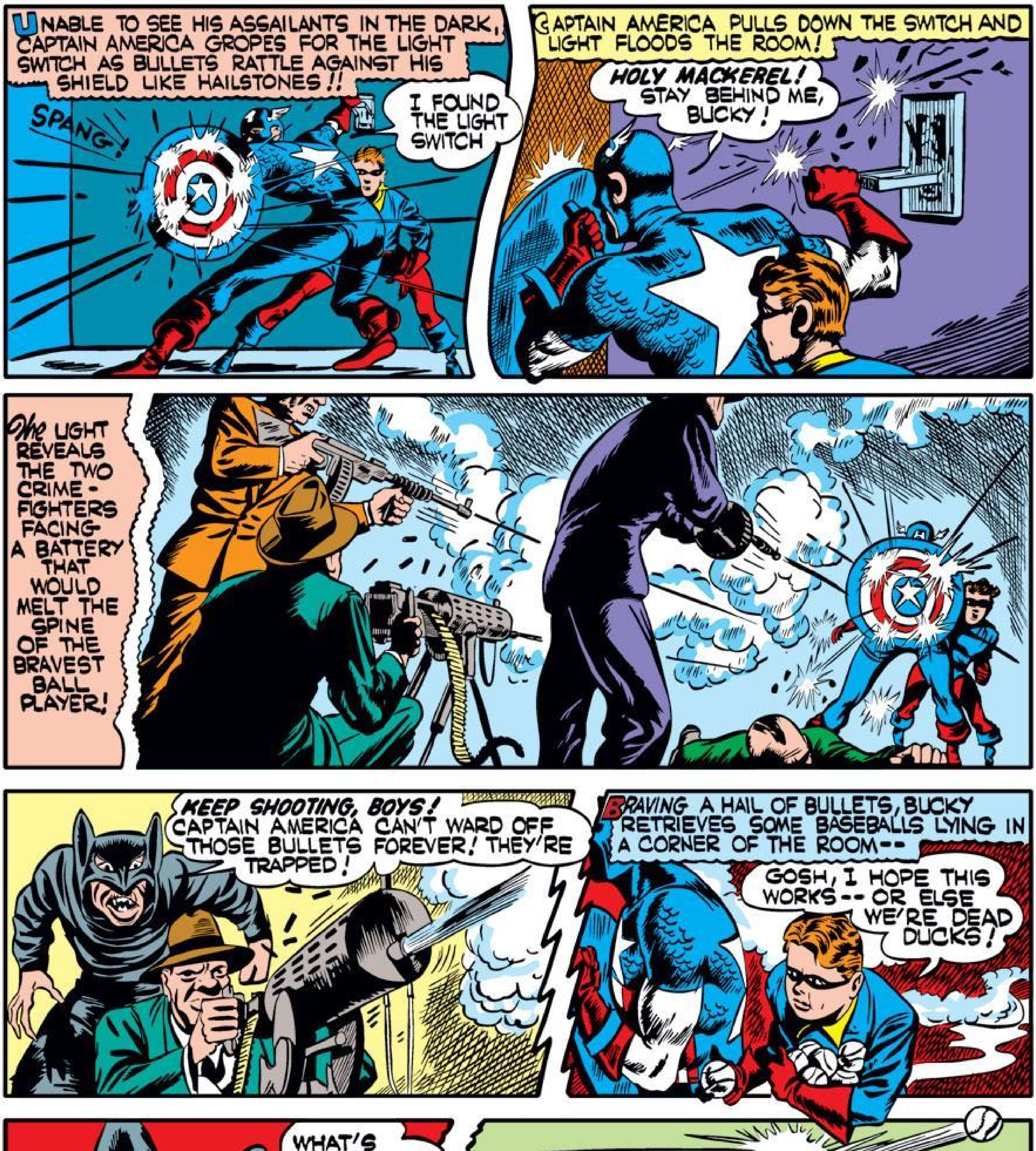

The NEXT MORNING STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY FACE AN IRATE SERGEANT--
LATE FOR TAPS AGAIN LAST NIGHT, EH? TOOK IN THE BALL GAME, EH?
HERE, CATCH THIS, ROGERS! LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR BATTING AVERAGE IS ON PEELING SPUDS! AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU LOAFING!
That SAME EVENING THE DARING PAIR ONCE AGAIN SLIP AWAY AND HEAD FOR THE BALL PARK AND THE HIDING PLACE UNDER THE GRAND-STANDS!
THE TOAD MAY BE BACK TONIGHT FOR MORE MURDER. THE POLICE ARE STYMIED, SO I GUESS CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL STAY ON THE JOB--
HEY, CAP! LISTEN TO THAT ARGUMENT GOING ON IN THE BADGERS' LOCKER ROOM
IN THE BADGER LOCKER ROOM, OWNER RIGGLEY AND MANAGER McARTHUR FACE A PROTESTING PITCHER--
YOU'RE OUR STAR PITCHER, BILL! WE NEED YOU OUT THERE!
YOU WON'T BE IN DANGER! I'VE GOT COPS COVERING EVERY PART OF THE FIELD!
I-I'D LIKE TA PITCH FOR YOU, BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! ADAMS TRIED TO CARRY ON AFTER DIRAGGIO WAS BUMPED OFF--AND HE GOT IT TOO--AND, WELL, I WON'T PLAY THIRD CORPSE FOR ANYONE!
SUDDENLY, A STARTLING FIGURE ENTERS WITH A STARTLING OFFER!
BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO WIN WITHOUT OUR STAR PITCHER?
I'LL PITCH FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN!
THIS IS NO GAG! I'M CAPTAIN AMERICA. I'D LIKE TO REPLACE RICKEY ON THE MOUND
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
MAYBE HE THINKS HE'S GONNA PITCH HORSESHOES!
HMMM--

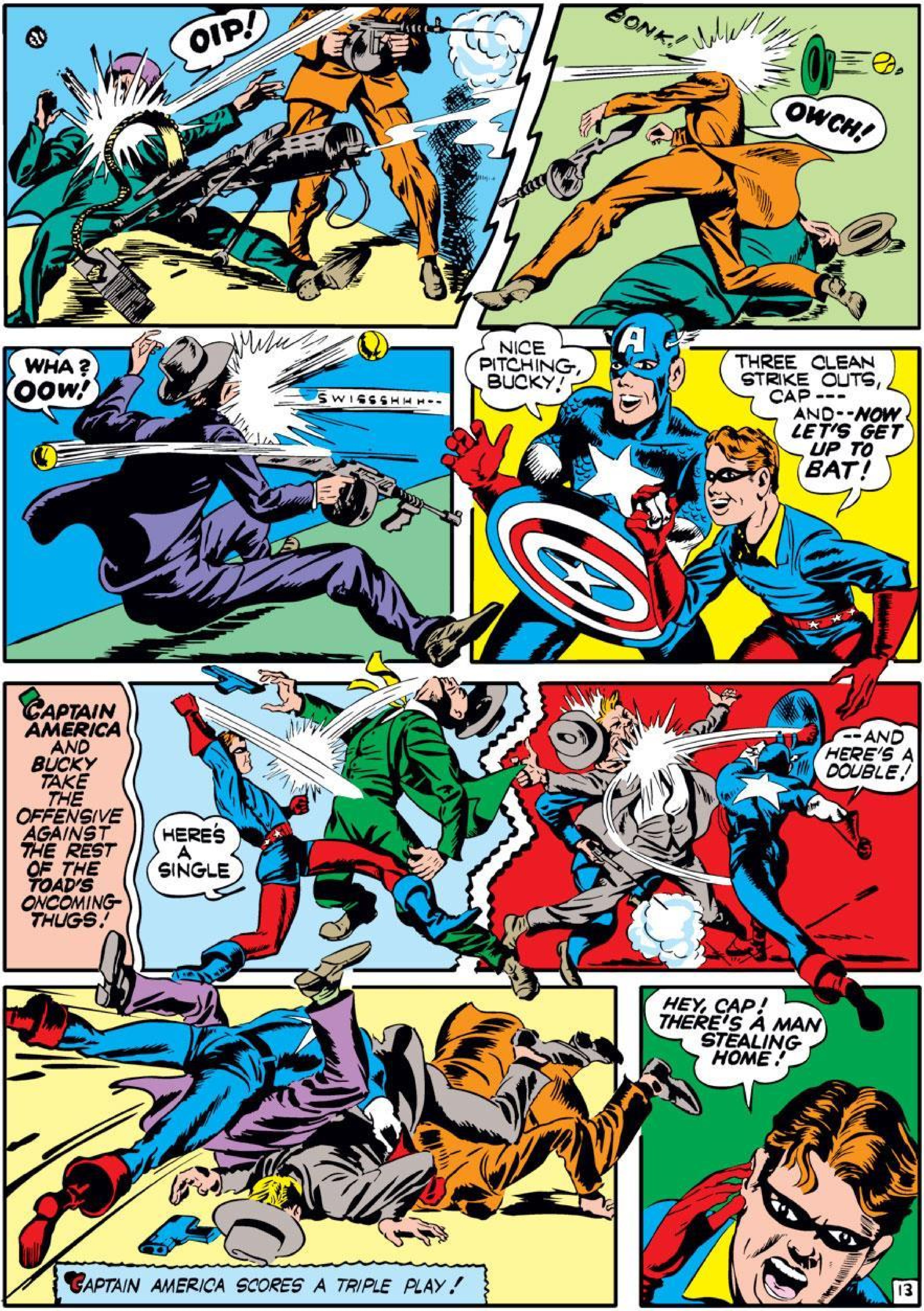

BY GINGER, I'LL DO IT! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON A MAN WITHOUT FEAR ANY DAY! BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE ALL DEPENDING ON YOU!
THANKS FOR YOUR TRUST! I'VE ONE MORE REQUEST. I WANT BUCKY FOR MY CATCHER
WHY, HE'S JUST A MERE CHILD! HE -- OH, WELL. I'LL GO THE WHOLE HOG. HEAVEN HELP ME! -- IT'S A DEAL!
CAP AND BUCKY QUICKLY CHANGE INTO BASEBALL UNIFORMS OVER THEIR COSTUMES--
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THE TOAD, BUCKY. THIS STUNT MAY FORCE HIS HAND
I GET IT, CAP! IF HE GUNS FOR US, WE CAN NAB HIM
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE, THE EXPECTANT CROWD HEARS A STRANGE ANNOUNCEMENT---
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! TWO MASKED, MYSTERY STARS WILL REPLACE RICKEY AND MYERS AS PITCHER AND CATCHER FOR THE BADGERS
PLAY BALL!
THE CRUCIAL GAME GETS UNDER WAY...
C'MON, CAP! SMOKE 'EM IN!
I'LL KILL THIS ONE!
I HOPE BUCKY CAN HOLD ON TO IT!
THE FIRST PITCH STEAMS IN FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA'S POWERFUL FORM
WHAT TH!-?
YAHOO!
WHACK!
THE CROWD GOES WILD AS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PHENOMENAL PITCHING STRIKES OUT ONE BATTER AFTER ANOTHER!
WHACK!
YOWIE! WHAT A PITCHER!
HE'S A WIZARD!
STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!

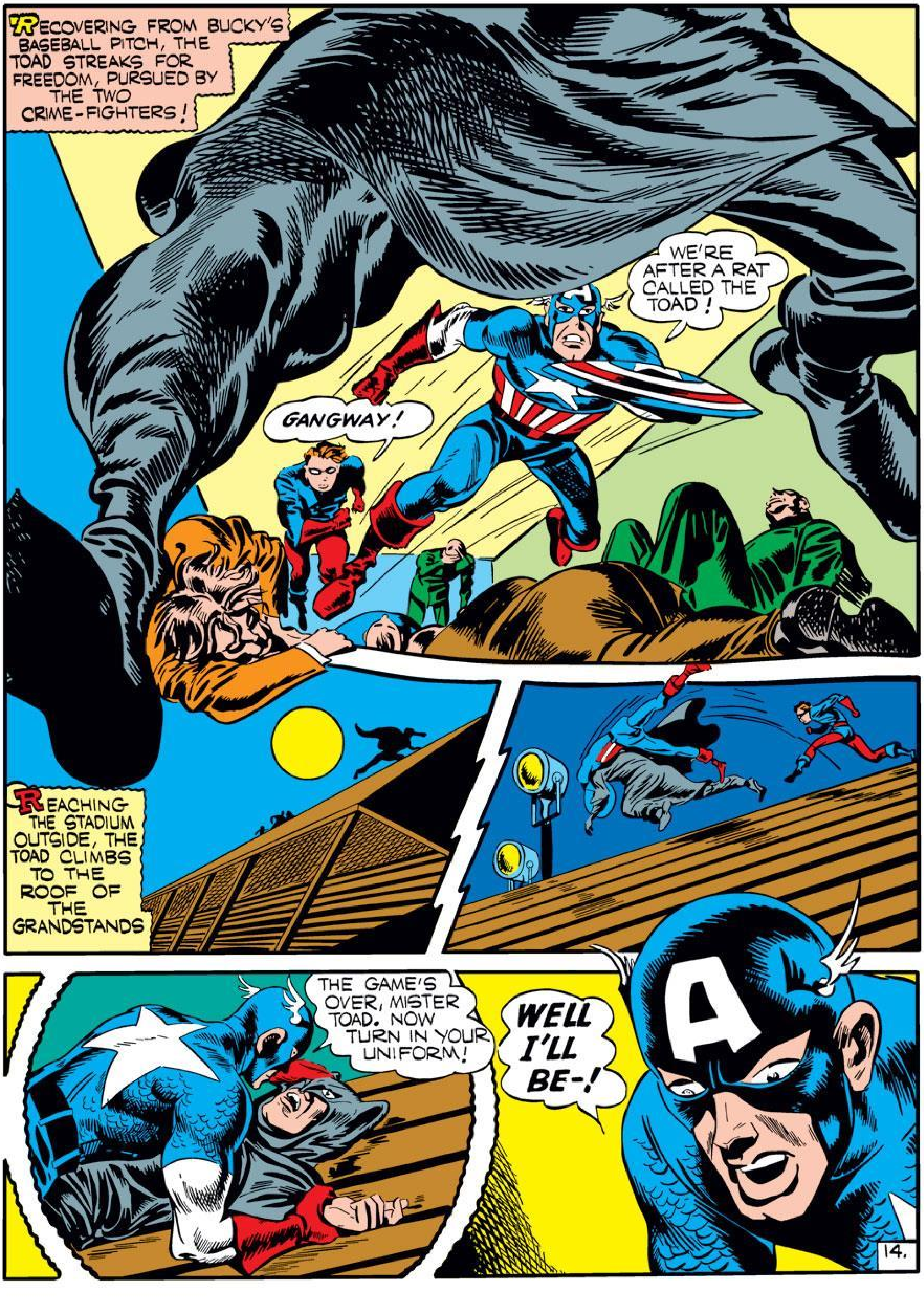

IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE FOURTH INNING, BUCKY CLOUTS THE BALL FOR A SINGLE!
CRACK!
THAT KID CAN HIT!
C'MON, CAP! SEND ME HOME!
LET HIM HAVE IT, MIKE! THIS MASKED PALOOKA LOOKS LIKE A CINCH!
THE PITCHED BALL COMES SIZZLING IN!-- CAPTAIN AMERICA STEPS IN AND SWINGS--
CRACK!
WOW!
HOLY CATS!
IT'S A HOMER!
LOOK AT THAT BALL TRAVEL!
HE HIT IT OUT OF THE CITY LIMITS!
THE CAPTAIN AMERICA-BUCKY BATTERY CONTINUES CHALKING UP HOME RUNS FOR THE BROOKLYN BADGERS, LEAVING THE BLUE SOX FAR BEHIND--
I'LL BEAT OUT THIS BUNT AN' LOAD THE BASES
THE CROWD ROARS AS BUCKY SINGLES AND LOADS THE BASES, BRINGING CAPTAIN AMERICA UP AT BAT! THE BLEACHERS AND GRANDSTANDS BECOME A BEDLAM OF CHEERS--
THIS GUY'S A SENSATION! HE'S NEWS!
THE PITCHER IS THROWN A NEW BALL BEFORE WINDING UP FOR THE THROW--

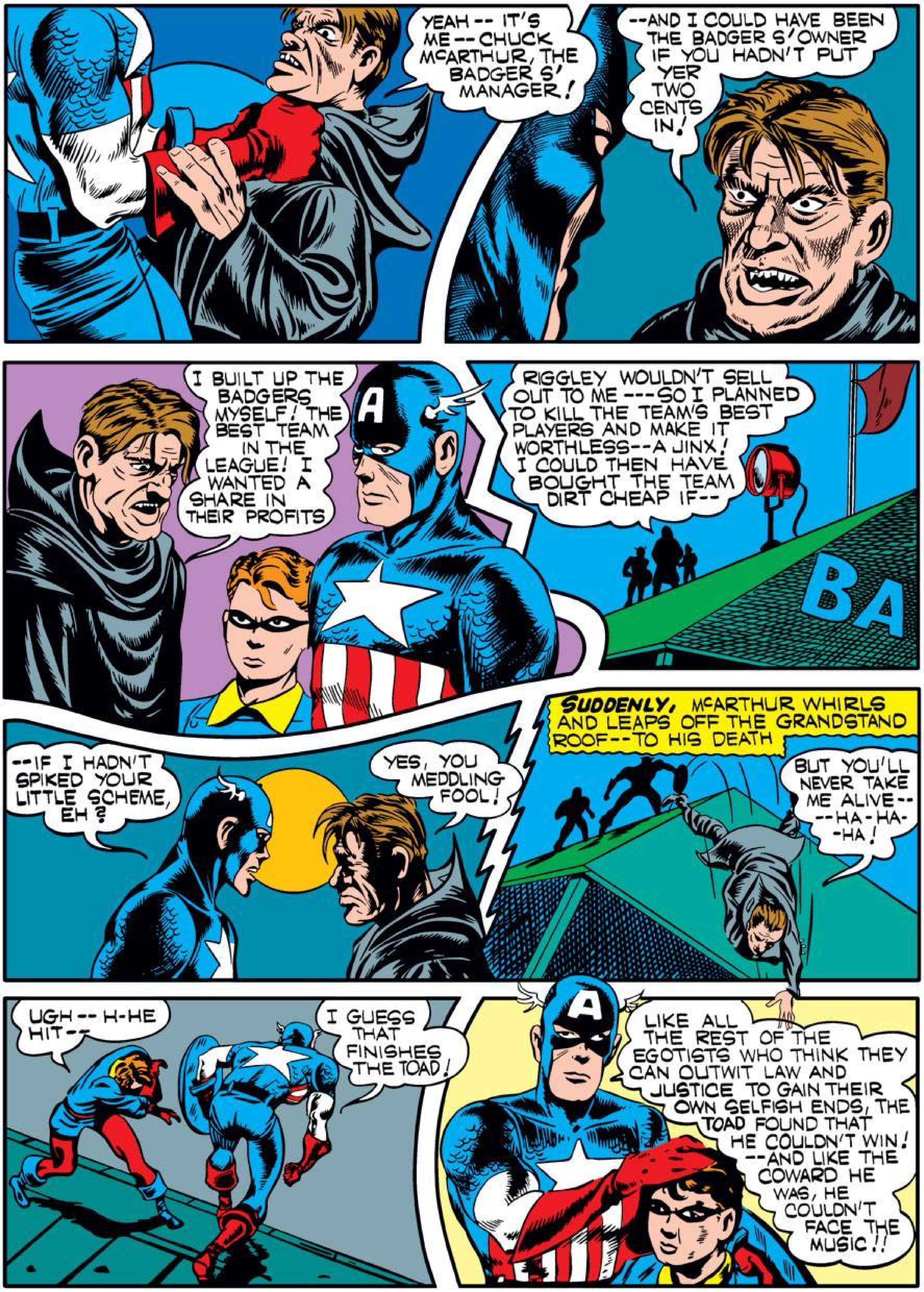

CAPTAIN AMERICA WATCHES THE PITCHER'S WIND-UP CLOSELY---HIS SHARP EYES SCRUTINIZE THE BALL! SUDDENLY, HE DROPS HIS BAT WITH A WARNING SHOUT--
DON'T THROW THAT BALL! IT'S A BOMB!
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE! THE DEADLY SPHERE COMES HURTLING STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM--
HOLY MACKEREL!
B
CAPTAIN AMERICA CATCHES THE MISSILE OF DEATH--
--AND QUICKLY THROWS IT STRAIGHT UPWARD--
--WHERE IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY ABOVE THE STADIUM--
THE TOAD! HEY, BUCKY! LET'S GO!
I KNEW THE RAT WOULD SHOW HIS HAND!
LET'S GET 'IM!
The TOAD LEAPS INTO THE BADGERS' DUGOUT--
--WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN HOT PURSUIT!


I'VE GOT YOU CORNERED, TOAD!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
PULLING DOWN A MASTER SWITCH, THE TOAD PLUNGES THE ENTIRE BALL PARK INTO DARKNESS!
BUCKY! LOOK OUT!
OW!
I GOT HIM, CAP! HE WON'T GET AWAY!
SMACK!
LET ME GO! YOU FOOLS!
I'M NOT THE TOAD! IT'S ME,---RIGGLEY!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE SCUFFLING FIGURES STRIKES A MATCH--
WELL, -- IT IS RIGGLEY!
THE TOAD WAS MASKED-- IT COULD STILL BE YOU!
HAH! DON'T BE SILLY! ME, DRESS LIKE A TOAD!-- BUT I FOUND OUT WHO DOES!-- BECAUSE I'M OUT TO GET HIM MYSELF--
I DIDN'T BELIEVE HE'D STOOP TO MURDER TO RUIN MY TEAM! I'LL TELL YOU WHO HE IS-- IT'S ---
GET HIM, ROCCO!
A-A-A-A-A-A-A
BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN MOVE, RIGGLEY IS CUT DOWN BY THE THUG'S BLOW-GUN--


UNABLE TO SEE HIS ASSAILANTS IN THE DARK, CAPTAIN AMERICA GROPES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH AS BULLETS RATTLE AGAINST HIS SHIELD LIKE HAILSTONES!!
SPANG!
I FOUND THE LIGHT SWITCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA PULLS DOWN THE SWITCH AND LIGHT FLOODS THE ROOM!
HOLY MACKEREL! STAY BEHIND ME, BUCKY!
THE LIGHT REVEALS THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS FACING A BATTERY THAT WOULD MELT THE SPINE OF THE BRAVEST BALL PLAYER!
KEEP SHOOTING, BOYS! CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN'T WARD OFF THOSE BULLETS FOREVER! THEY'RE TRAPPED!
BRAVING A HAIL OF BULLETS, BUCKY RETRIEVES SOME BASEBALLS LYING IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM--
GOSH, I HOPE THIS WORKS -- OR ELSE WE'RE DEAD DUCKS!
WHAT'S THE BRAT UP TO? GET THE KID, QUICK! BEFORE HE--
OW!
12


OIP!
BONK!
OWCH!
WHA? OOW!
SWISSSHHH--
NICE PITCHING, BUCKY!
THREE CLEAN STRIKE OUTS, CAP --- AND--NOW LET'S GET UP TO BAT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TAKE THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE REST OF THE TOAD'S ONCOMING THUGS!
HERE'S A SINGLE
--AND HERE'S A DOUBLE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SCORES A TRIPLE PLAY!
HEY, CAP! THERE'S A MAN STEALING HOME!


RECOVERING FROM BUCKY'S BASEBALL PITCH, THE TOAD STREAKS FOR FREEDOM, PURSUED BY THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS!
WE'RE AFTER A RAT CALLED THE TOAD!
GANGWAY!
REACHING THE STADIUM OUTSIDE, THE TOAD CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE GRANDSTANDS
THE GAME'S OVER, MISTER TOAD. NOW TURN IN YOUR UNIFORM!
WELL I'LL BE-!


YEAH -- IT'S ME -- CHUCK McARTHUR, THE BADGER S' MANAGER!
--AND I COULD HAVE BEEN THE BADGER S' OWNER IF YOU HADN'T PUT YER TWO CENTS IN!
I BUILT UP THE BADGERS MYSELF! THE BEST TEAM IN THE LEAGUE! I WANTED A SHARE IN THEIR PROFITS
RIGGLEY WOULDN'T SELL OUT TO ME --- SO I PLANNED TO KILL THE TEAM'S BEST PLAYERS AND MAKE IT WORTHLESS -- A JINX! I COULD THEN HAVE BOUGHT THE TEAM DIRT CHEAP IF --
BA
-- IF I HADN'T SPIKED YOUR LITTLE SCHEME, EH?
YES, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!
SUDDENLY, McARTHUR WHIRLS AND LEAPS OFF THE GRANDSTAND ROOF -- TO HIS DEATH
BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE -- -- HA - HA - -HA!
UGH -- H-HE HIT --
I GUESS THAT FINISHES THE TOAD!
A
LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE EGOTISTS WHO THINK THEY CAN OUTWIT LAW AND JUSTICE TO GAIN THEIR OWN SELFISH ENDS, THE TOAD FOUND THAT HE COULDN'T WIN! -- AND LIKE THE COWARD HE WAS, HE COULDN'T FACE THE MUSIC!!

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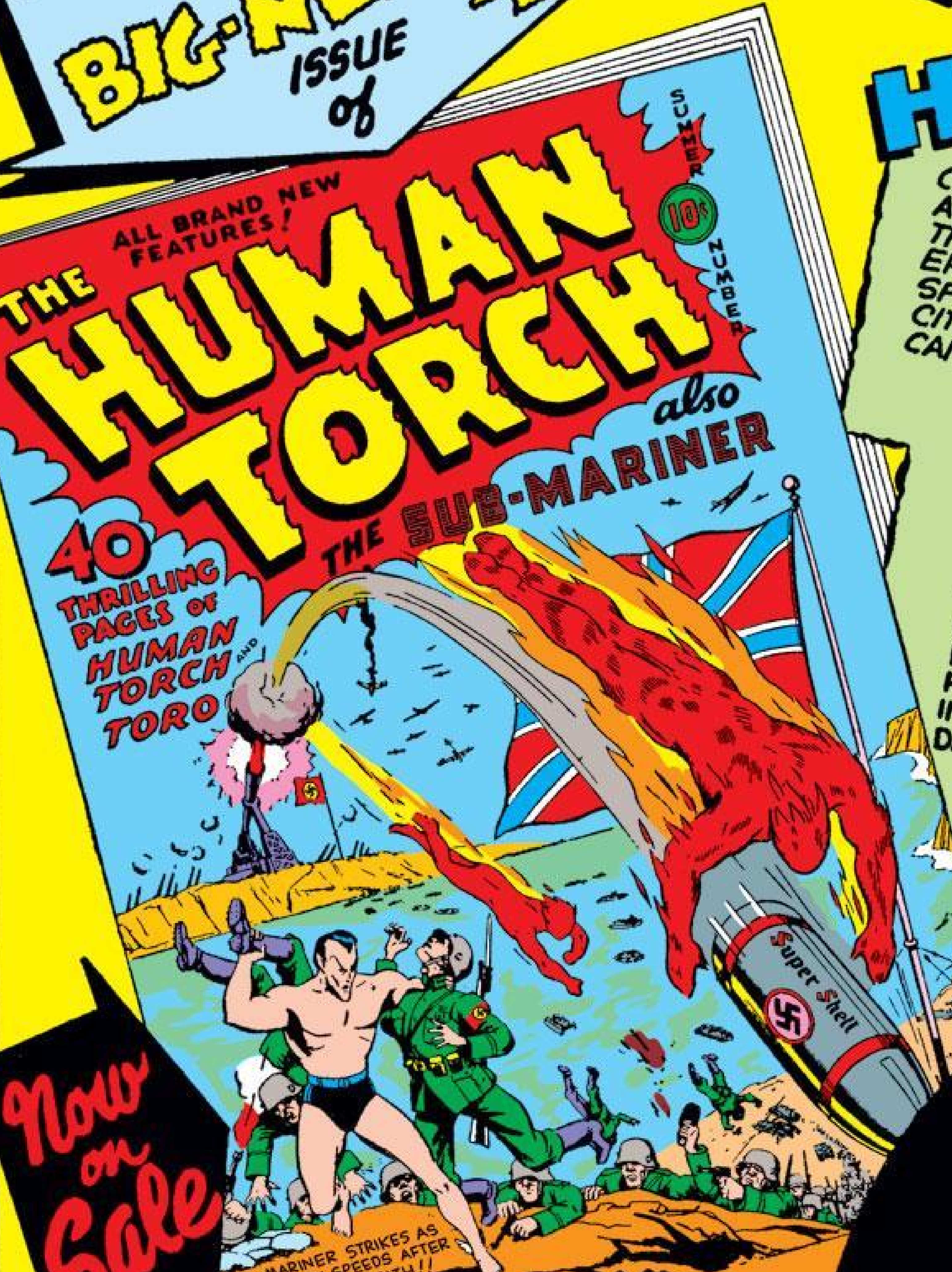
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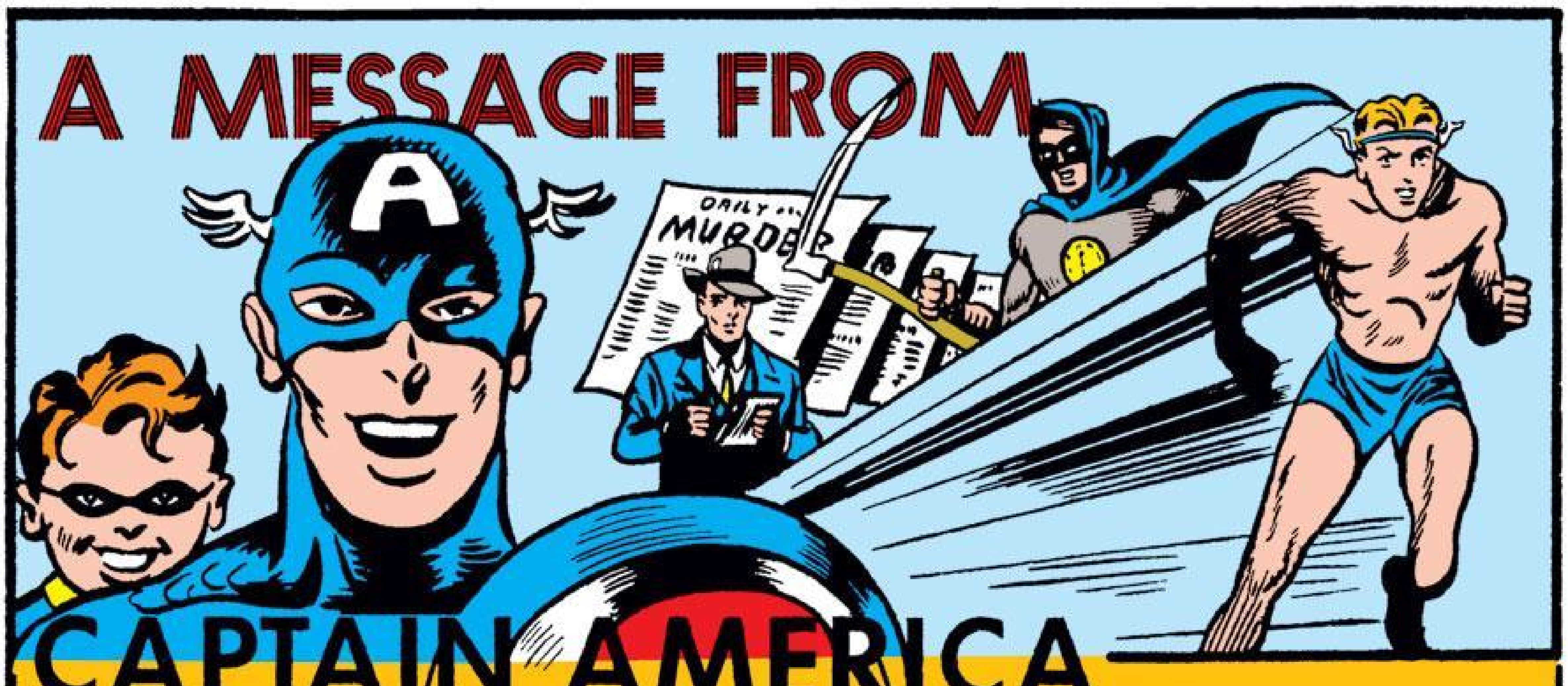


HELLO, PALS!

This morning I was talking with my young buddy, Bucky, and he was telling me that he thought you fellows and girls would like to know a lot more about the exciting characters who share this book with me. So, I decided to devote these two pages to telling you about them, and giving you the "inside story" of their fascinating lives.

First, let's take two of the characters in my stories, Betty Ross and Sergeant Duffy. Betty, as you know, is a swell girl who works for Uncle Sam and often helps me to get on the trail of spies and traitors. (She also forces me to get her out of trouble all the time, but I have to do it for Bucky, too, so I'm used to it by now!) Most people don't know that Betty's father was a General in the United States Army who was killed by a spy! That's what caused her to decide to become a "G-Girl" and devote her life to catching spies, just like Bucky and myself. Just one more thing about Betty; you know, I think that she's very fond of Captain America, but she doesn't seem to care much for Steve Rogers! Poor Steve, I wonder why he isn't jealous of Captain America? Ha ha ha!

Now we come to my "pal", Sergeant Duffy! For some reason or other, the Sergeant doesn't seem to like me. I don't know why. I've never done anything to him, except little, harmless things that nobody else would mind, like putting wet frogs in his bed, and spraying sneezing powder in his tobacco! Sarge is always telling me that I ought to be more like Captain America! Some day, I think I'm going to hand that guy a *real surprise!*

But I don't want to talk too much about the characters in my stories. I'd like to tell you about the others, instead. I don't know which to start with, so we'll take them in alphabetical order. That brings us to the famous crime fighter, Father Time!

Most of you have read how Father Time became a crime-fighter. You'll remember how his father was framed by criminals for a murder he didn't commit. The innocent victim was sentenced to be hung because all the evidence was against him! And so, although his son found evidence enough to prove his innocence, the framed man was hung before he could be vindicated! The broken-hearted son then took an oath that he would do all in his power to see to it that innocent people were never made victims of frame-ups, and that the precious element of time should never be on the side of lawlessness! And so, in the dead

In which your favorite American hero tells you more about the thrilling characters who help him to preserve liberty and justice!

— as narrated to Stan Lee

of night, a costume was made, an oath was taken, and a new crime-fighter was born!

Father Time's only weapon is a scythe, a long handle like a stick-ball bat with a sharp, curved blade at the end of it. With this scythe and his own natural strength, Father Time wages his one-man war against crimes and their perpetrators.

Father Time's costume is useful as well as concealing. For one thing, the light rubber boots he wears insulate his feet against heat and electricity, so that he can walk on blazing coals, or on a third-rail and still come out unharmed! His cloak, as well as concealing his features, forms a blanket over him and makes him a bad target for criminals to aim at. And his scythe, of course, is as useful to him as a small army!

So, to the courageous Father Time, we wish a successful career, and know that come what may, his efforts will always be bent to the cause of justice and righteousness!

Still proceeding in alphabetical order we come to Headline Hunter, ace foreign correspondent. Of course, his real name isn't "Headline", it's Jerry Hunter; but he's called "Headline" by his friends because of the many scoops he has gathered for his paper.

Jerry Hunter has been in London for the past few months covering the war over there, and believe me, he's got some corking good tales to tell! You've read in past issues how Headline has battled a monster tank, and how he has been thrown out of an airplane tied to a giant bomb! And if that isn't enough excitement for one news-hunter, wait'll you read the story Headline has cooked up for you in the next issue! I won't tell you what it's about, but the title is "Headline Hunter Battles the Plague of Death!" Incidentally, don't miss the corking mystery yarn in this issue — I'm sure you'll enjoy it!

And now we come to the famous Master of Speed, Hurricane! As you all know Hurricane is the son of Thor, God of the Storm! He has been sent to earth to use his lightning-like speed to further the cause of justice and righteousness wherever a champion is needed. And, Boy! if you've been reading the Hurricane stories in past issues you've seen how he's done it!

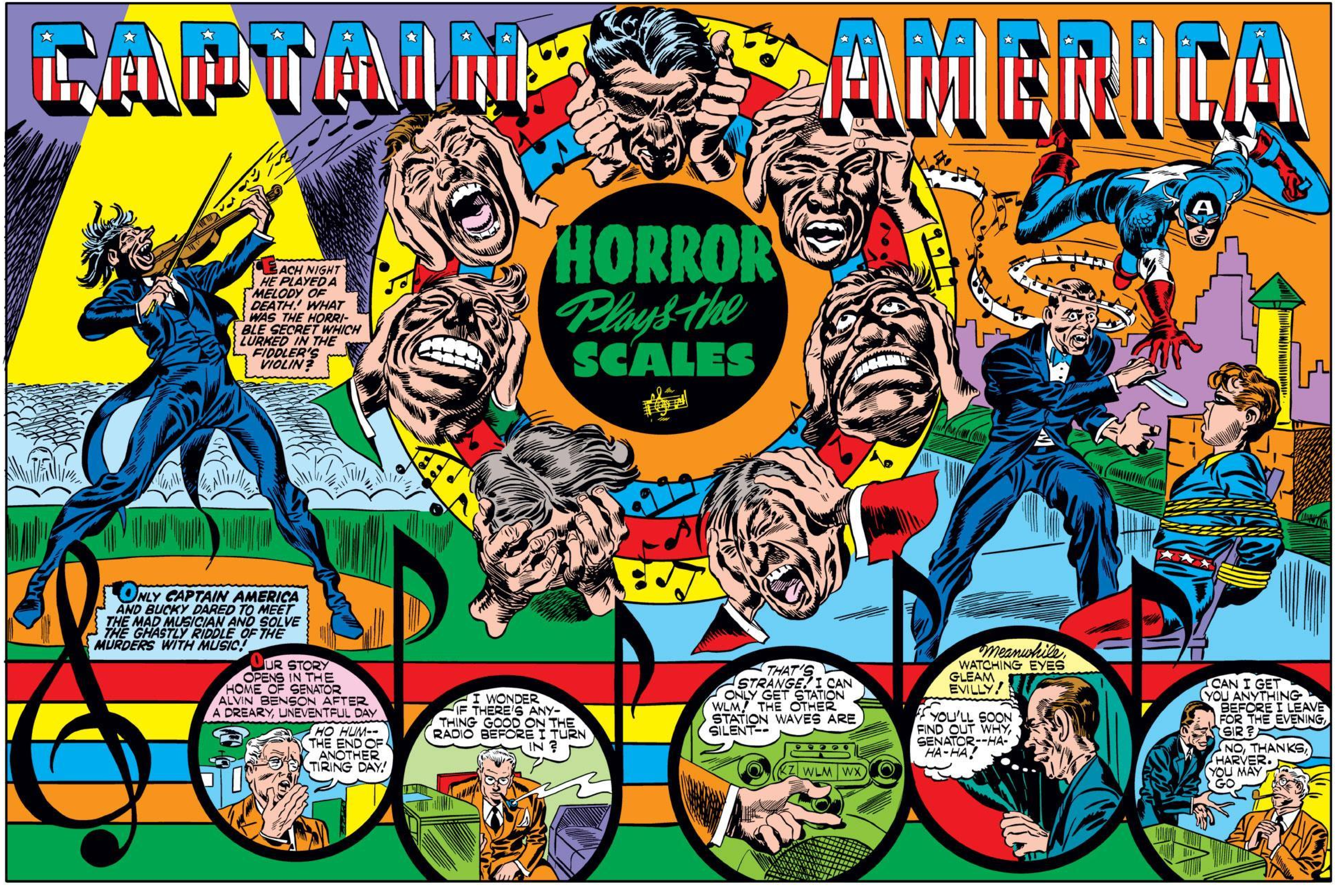
The Master of Speed takes great pleasure in masquerading as a plain citizen and calling himself Harry Kane. As far as anyone knows, he's just an ordinary, fun-loving, good-looking young man with a ready smile and willing to lend a helping hand. But as soon as trouble starts brewing somewhere, or as soon as his ever alert ears hear a call for help, the easy-going young man casts off his outer garments and stands revealed as the mighty Hurricane, Master of Speed and Champion of Justice!

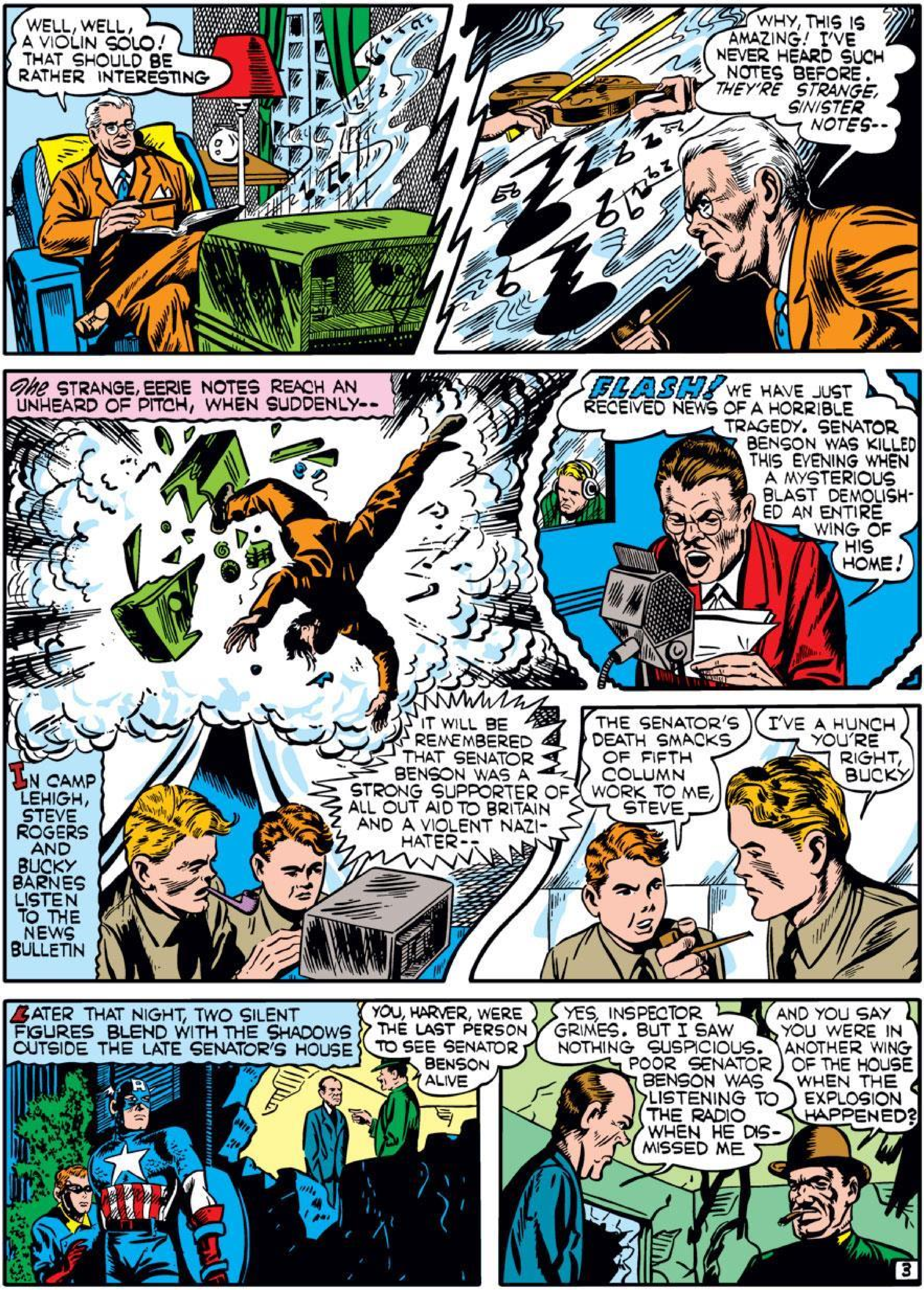
We have a surprise for you in this issue's Hurricane story! For the man of speed is introducing his newly found pal, Speedy Scriggles. I'm sure that you'll like Speedy as much as he likes Hurricane, and I hope that you'll let me hear from you about him.

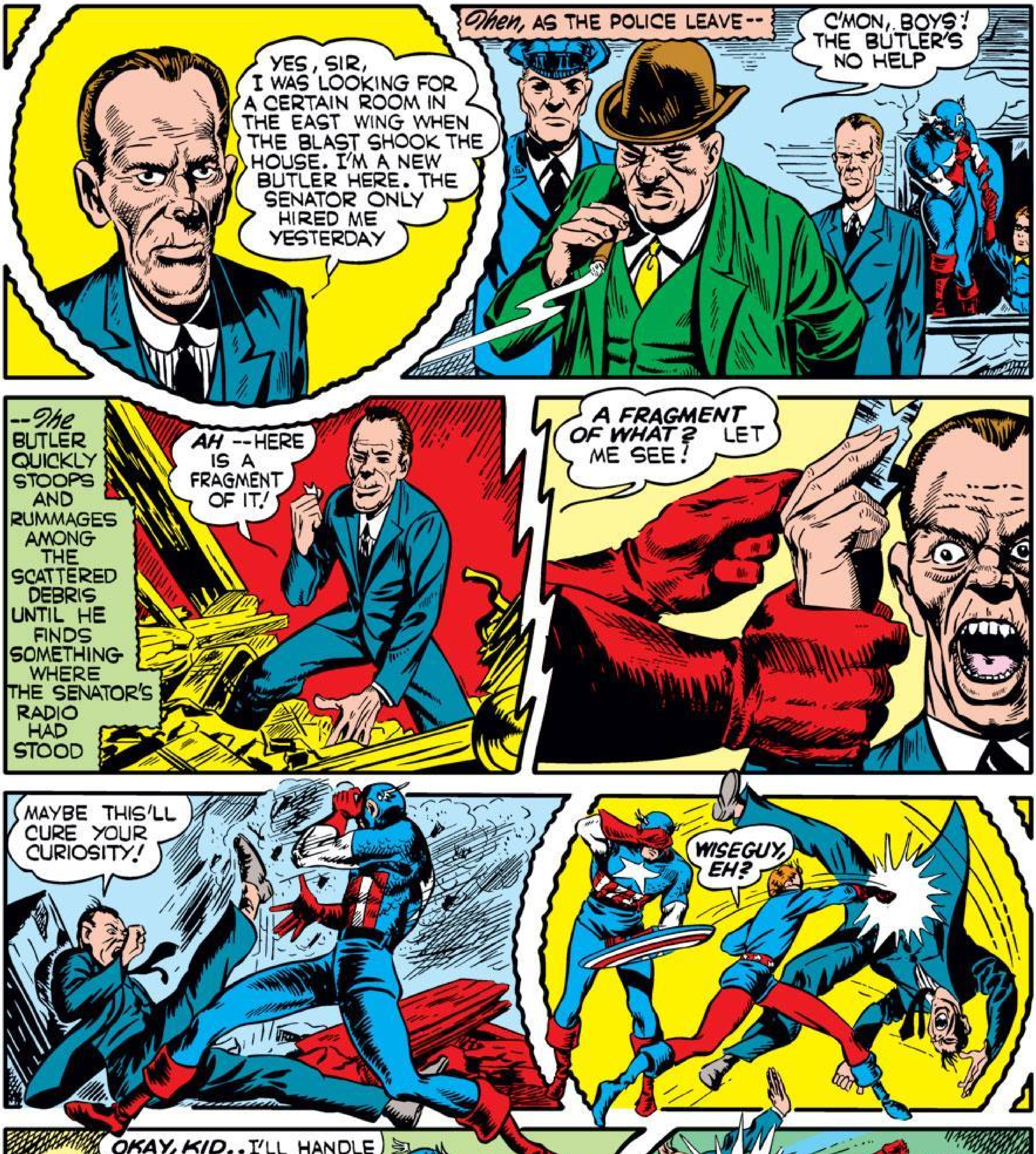
And there you have it, Pals— the Captain America line-up, as I like to call it. I certainly do share this book with a great bunch of exciting, adventure-loving fellows, don't I? But now, while I still have some space, I'd like to speak to you about your Sentinels of Liberty clubs. You know, Sentinel clubs are booming up all over the United States. Wherever red-blooded, American kids get together and decide to form clubs in order to aid their country and help fight crime and fifth-column menaces, that's where you'll find Sentinel of Liberty organizations! And I want you fellows—and girls, too, to know that I'm darn proud of all of you!

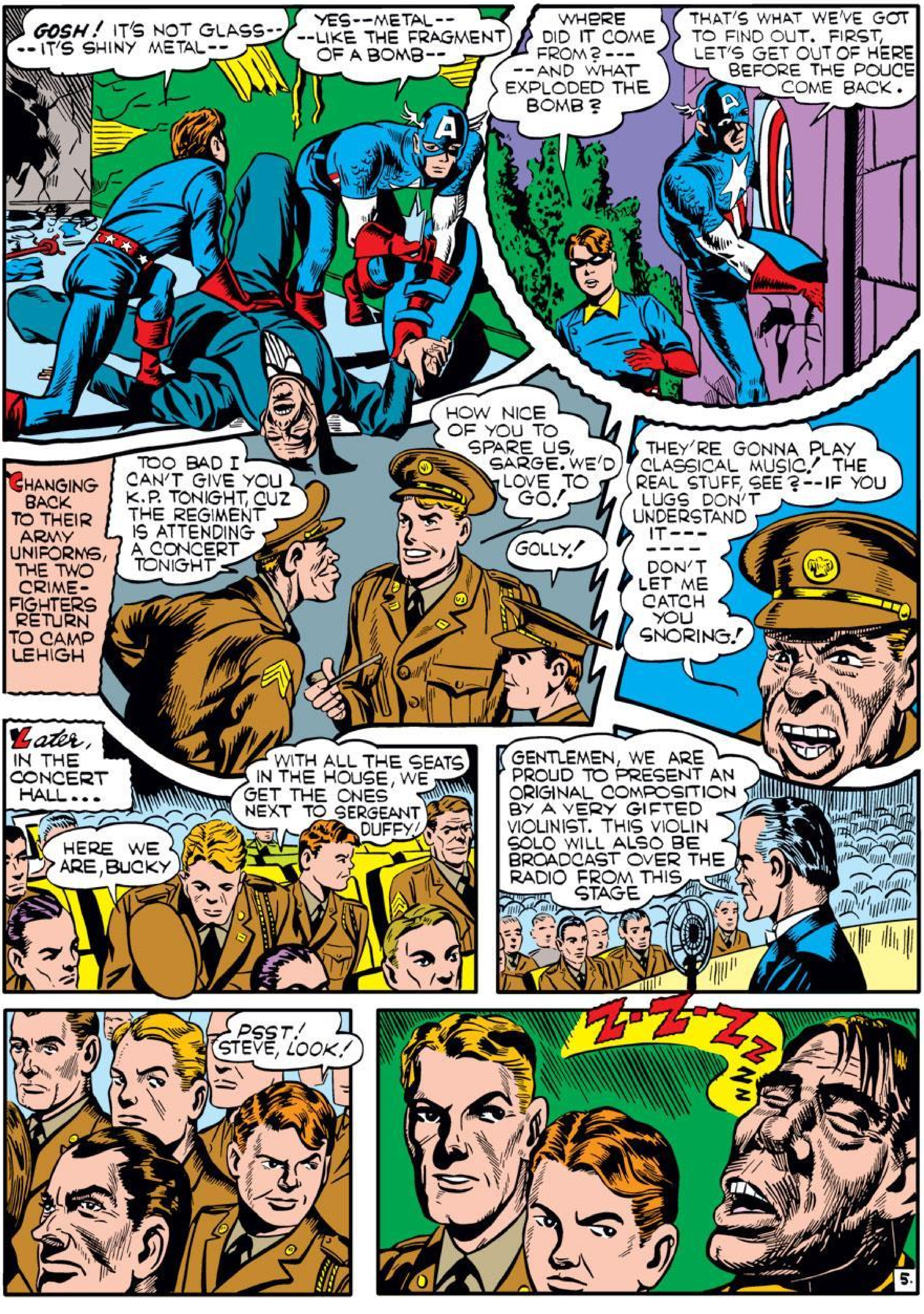
Incidentally, pals, I want you to be sure to read the Sentinel of Liberty Club News in every issue of C.A. Comics. It will help to keep you posted about the developments of clubs throughout the United States and will have many puzzles and games each month for your amusement. And here's a little secret — in a very short while I'm going to have an important, surprise announcement for you! So keep watching!

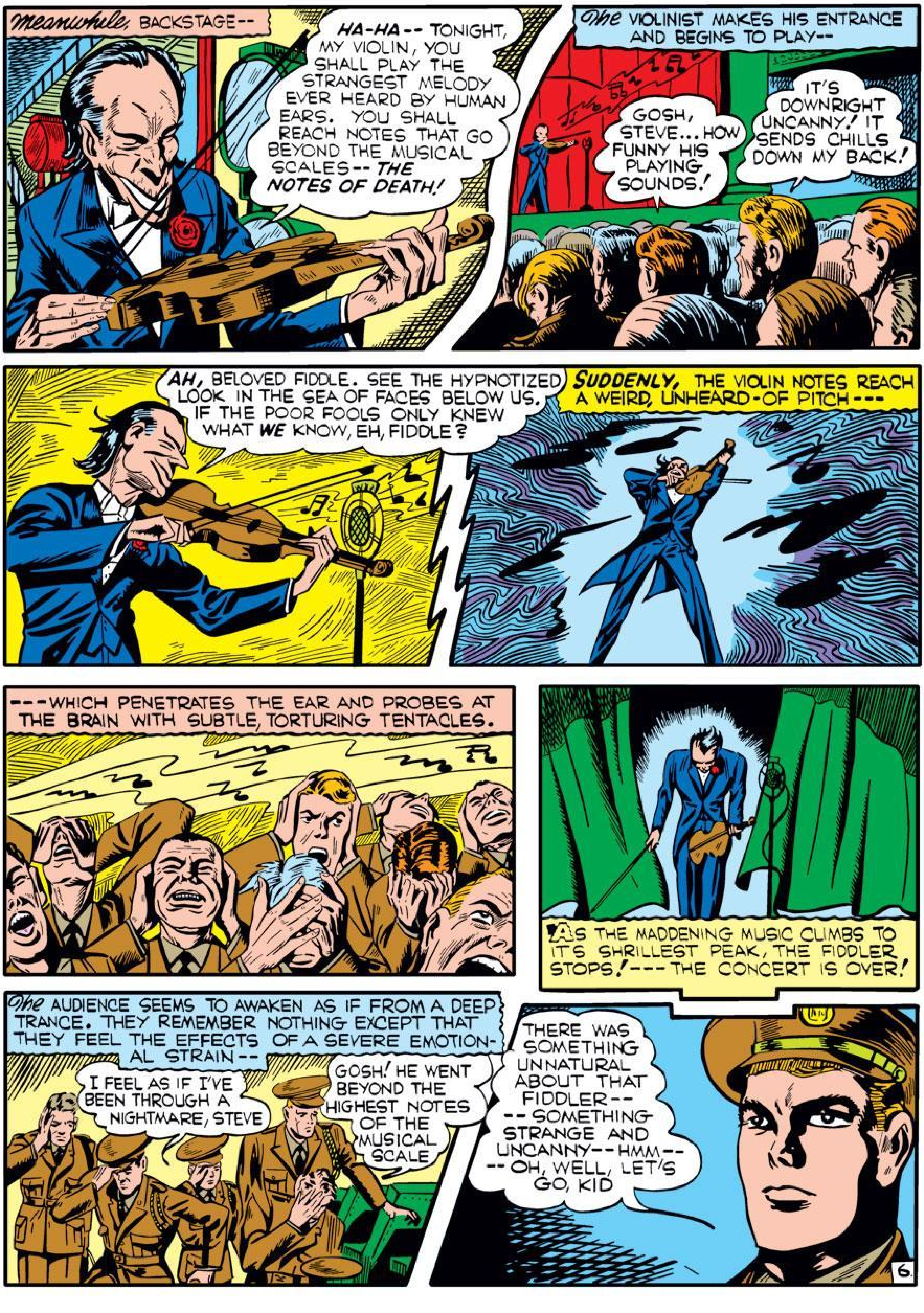
And that just about finishes our little chat for now. But before I say "so long", I want to say to you all, in behalf of Father Time, Headline Hunter, Hurricane, Bucky, and the rest of the gang, that we all hope you'll do your utmost to uphold the spirit of liberty and Americanism and to keep the flame of freedom burning brightly in our beloved land! And now, Pals, I hope you'll all be with us again next month, and until then take care of yourselves and — So Long!

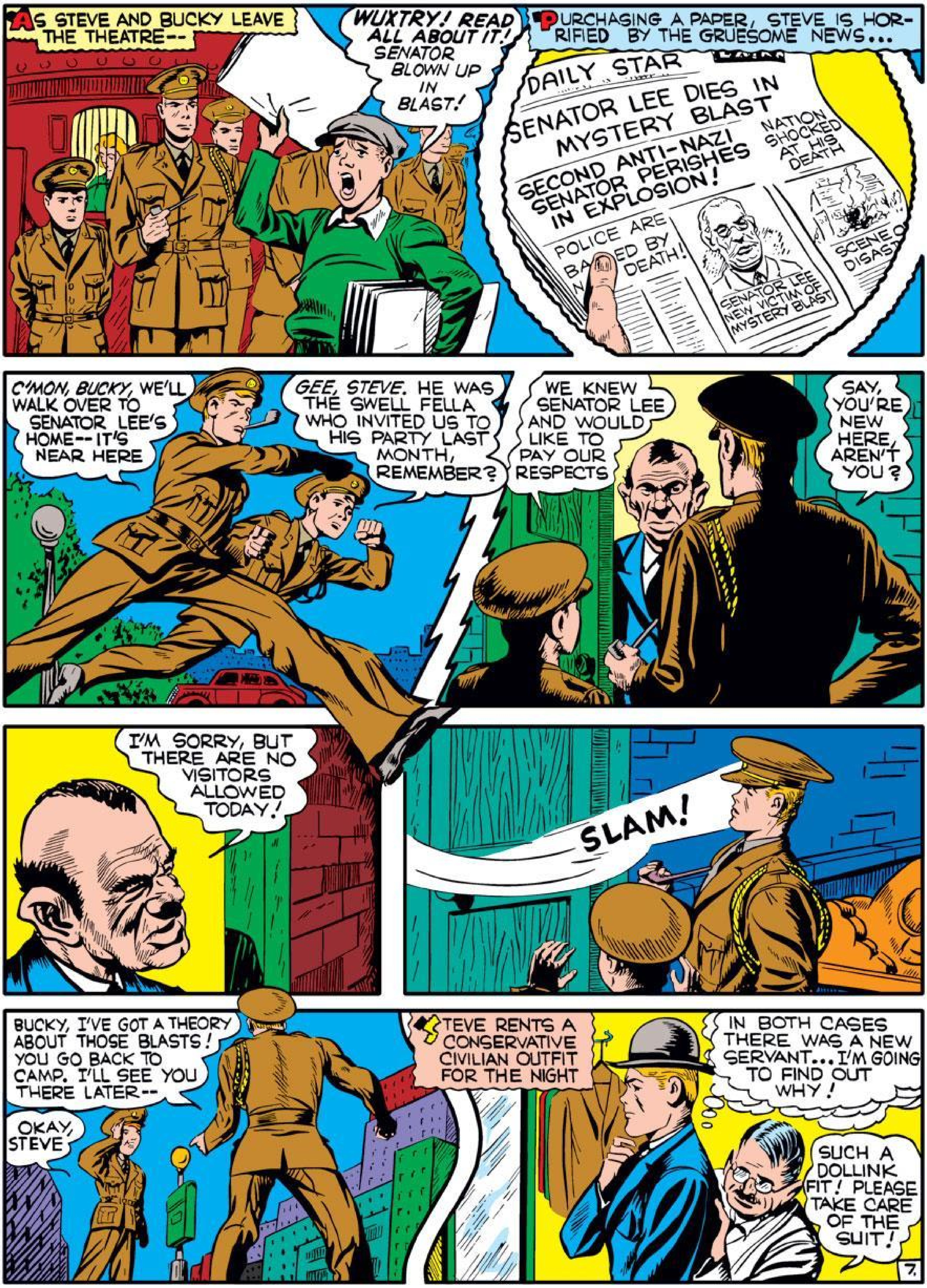

CAPTAIN AMERICA
HORROR Plays the SCALES
EACH NIGHT HE PLAYED A MELODY OF DEATH! WHAT WAS THE HORRIBLE SECRET WHICH LURKED IN THE FIDDLER'S VIOLIN?
ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DARED TO MEET THE MAD MUSICIAN AND SOLVE THE GHASTLY RIDDLE OF THE MURDERS WITH MUSIC!
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE HOME OF SENATOR ALVIN BENSON AFTER A DREARY, UNEVENTFUL DAY
HO HUM-- THE END OF ANOTHER TIRING DAY!
I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING GOOD ON THE RADIO BEFORE I TURN IN?
THAT'S STRANGE! I CAN ONLY GET STATION WLM! THE OTHER STATION WAVES ARE SILENT--
KZ WLM WX
Meanwhile, WATCHING EYES GLEAM EVILLY!
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT WHY, SENATOR--HA-HA-HA!
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING BEFORE I LEAVE FOR THE EVENING, SIR?
NO, THANKS, HARVER. YOU MAY GO

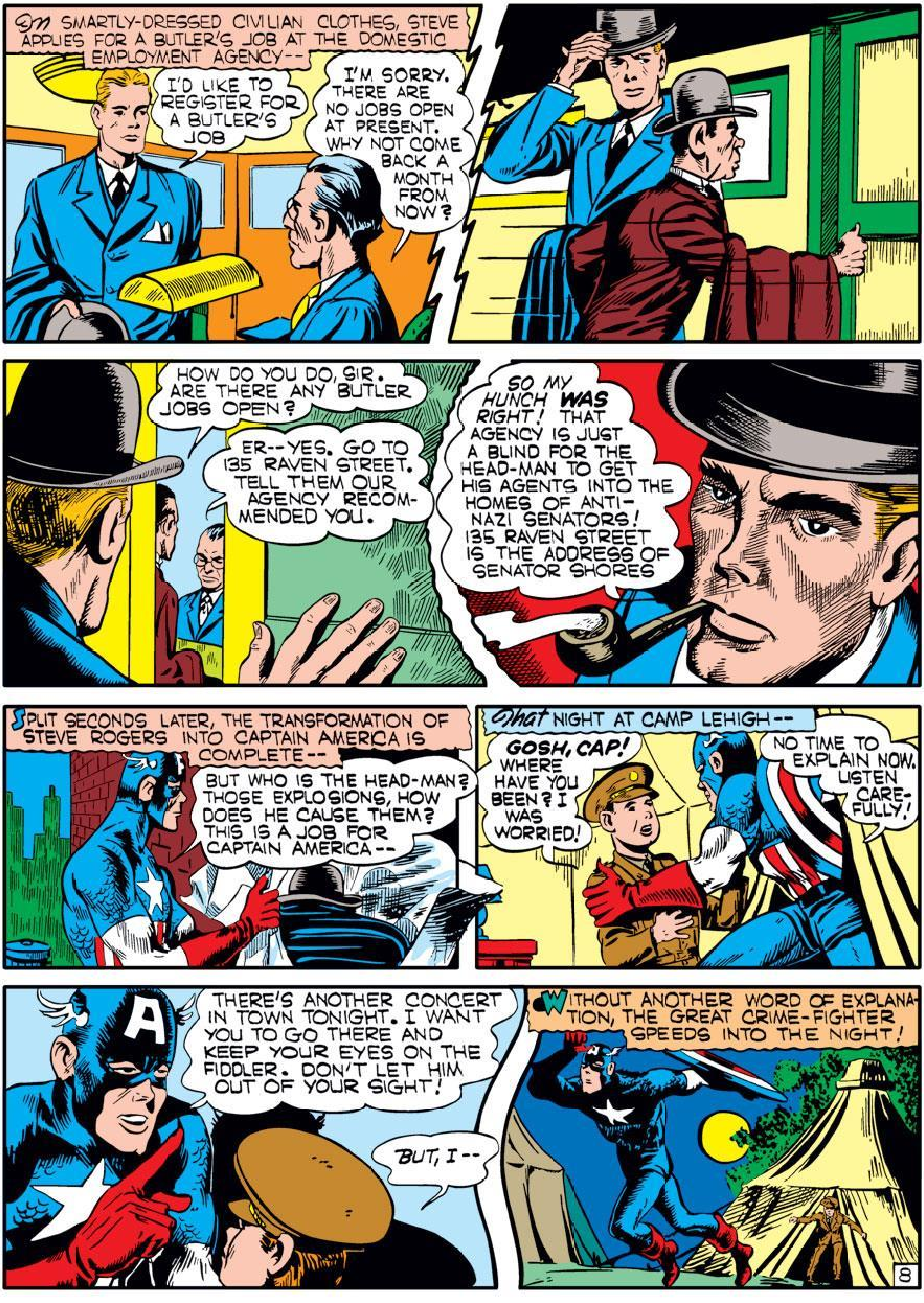

WELL, WELL, A VIOLIN SOLO! THAT SHOULD BE RATHER INTERESTING
WHY, THIS IS AMAZING! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH NOTES BEFORE. *THEY'RE STRANGE, SINISTER NOTES--*
THE STRANGE, EERIE NOTES REACH AN UNHEARD OF PITCH, WHEN SUDDENLY--
FLASH! WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED NEWS OF A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY. SENATOR BENSON WAS KILLED THIS EVENING WHEN A MYSTERIOUS BLAST DEMOLISHED AN ENTIRE WING OF HIS HOME!
IN CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES LISTEN TO THE NEWS BULLETIN
IT WILL BE REMEMBERED THAT SENATOR BENSON WAS A STRONG SUPPORTER OF ALL OUT AID TO BRITAIN AND A VIOLENT NAZI-HATER--
THE SENATOR'S DEATH SMACKS OF FIFTH COLUMN WORK TO ME, STEVE
I'VE A HUNCH YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKY
LATER THAT NIGHT, TWO SILENT FIGURES BLEND WITH THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE THE LATE SENATOR'S HOUSE
YOU, HARVER, WERE THE LAST PERSON TO SEE SENATOR BENSON ALIVE
YES, INSPECTOR GRIMES. BUT I SAW NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. POOR SENATOR BENSON WAS LISTENING TO THE RADIO WHEN HE DISMISSED ME
AND YOU SAY YOU WERE IN ANOTHER WING OF THE HOUSE WHEN THE EXPLOSION HAPPENED?

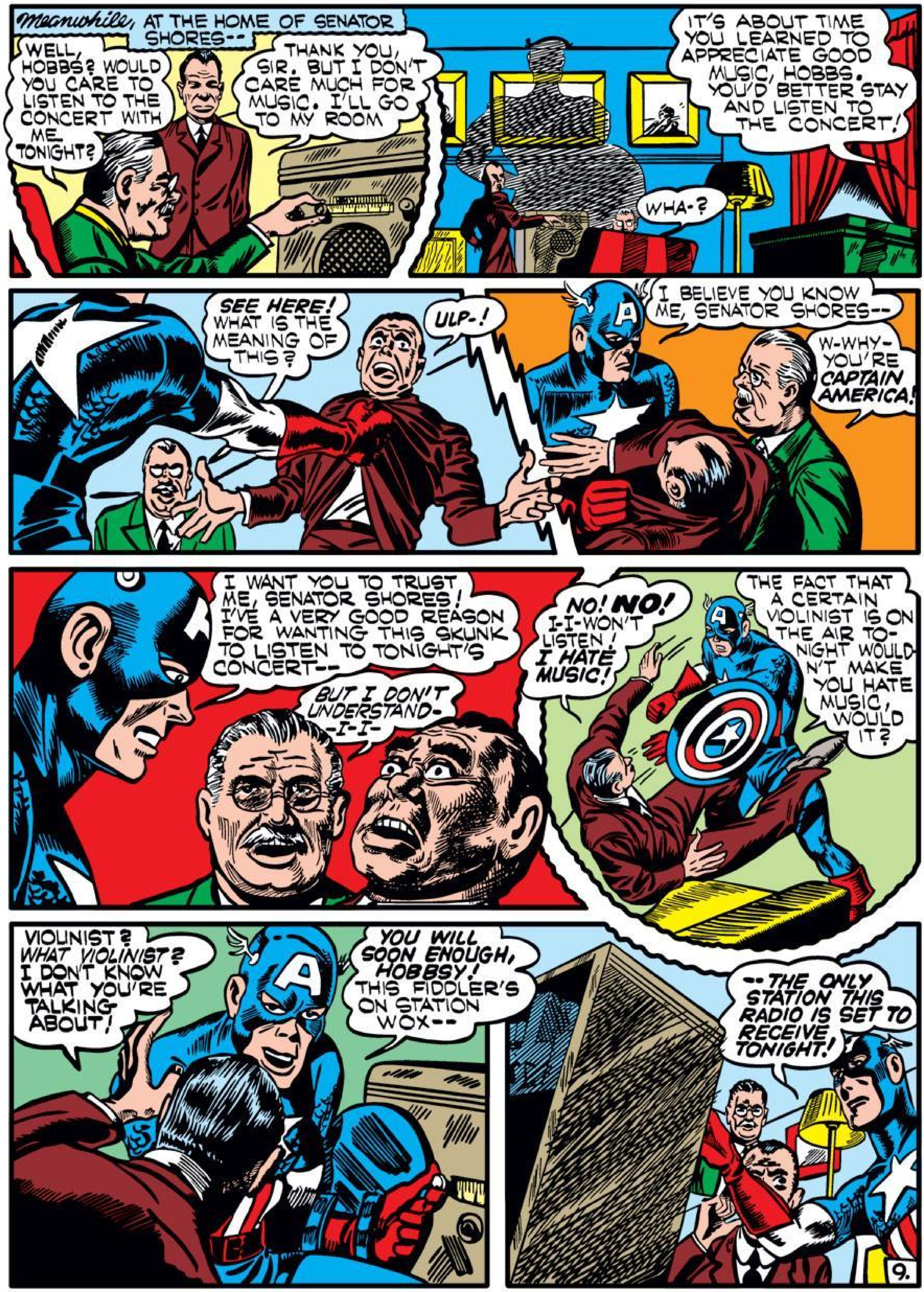

YES, SIR, I WAS LOOKING FOR A CERTAIN ROOM IN THE EAST WING WHEN THE BLAST SHOOK THE HOUSE. I'M A NEW BUTLER HERE. THE SENATOR ONLY HIRED ME YESTERDAY
Then, AS THE POLICE LEAVE--
C'MON, BOYS! THE BUTLER'S NO HELP
--The BUTLER QUICKLY STOOPS AND RUMMAGES AMONG THE SCATTERED DEBRIS UNTIL HE FINDS SOMETHING WHERE THE SENATOR'S RADIO HAD STOOD
AH --HERE IS A FRAGMENT OF IT!
A FRAGMENT OF WHAT? LET ME SEE!
MAYBE THIS'LL CURE YOUR CURIOSITY!
WISEGUY, EH?
OKAY, KID.. I'LL HANDLE HIM! NOW, BUD, ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME THAT PIECE OF GLASS, OR DO I--
NEVER!
WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT, PAL!
4.

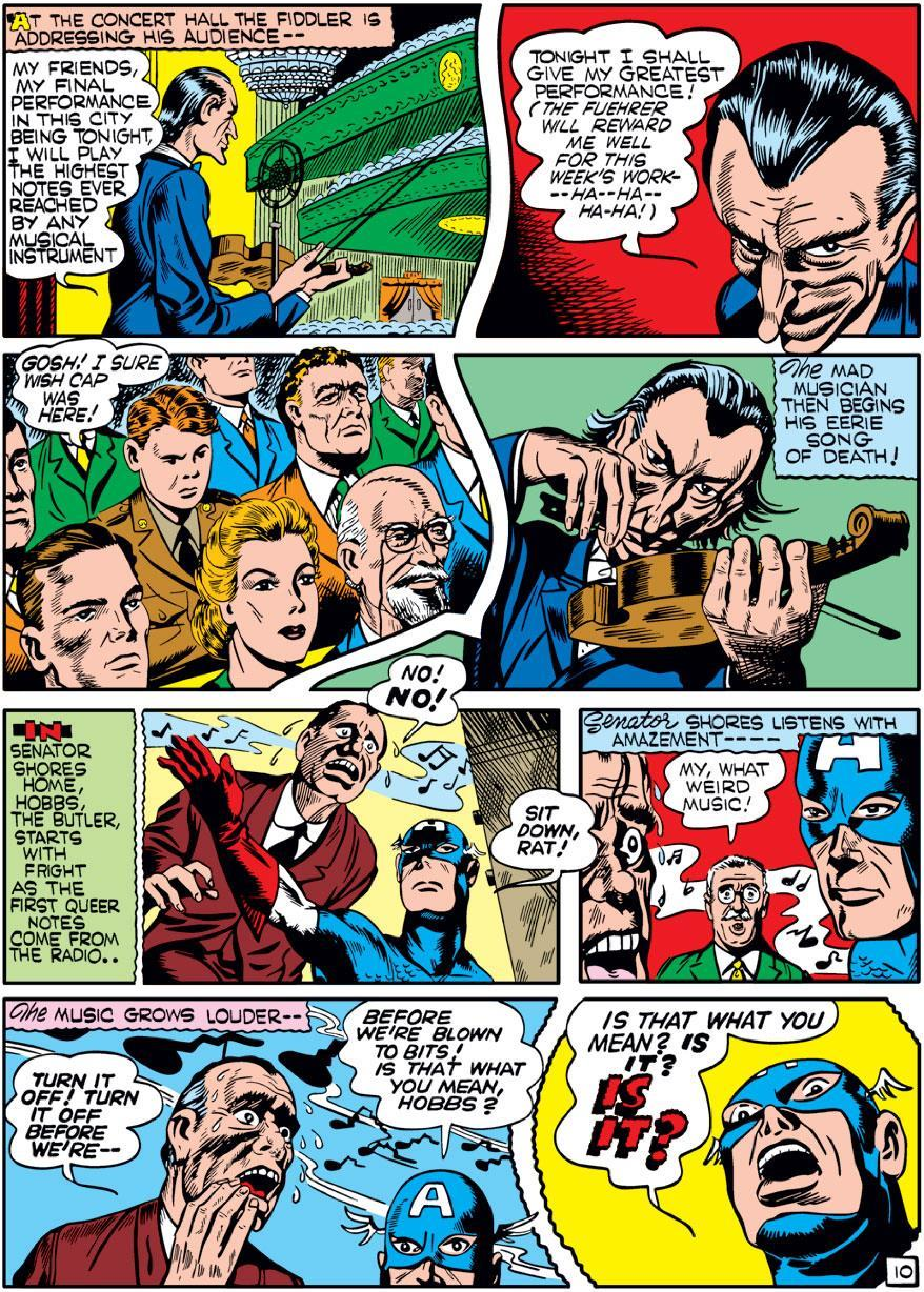

GOSH! IT'S NOT GLASS-- --IT'S SHINY METAL--
YES--METAL-- --LIKE THE FRAGMENT OF A BOMB--
WHERE DID IT COME FROM?--- --AND WHAT EXPLODED THE BOMB?
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT. FIRST, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE POUCE COME BACK.
CHANGING BACK TO THEIR ARMY UNIFORMS, THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS RETURN TO CAMP LEHIGH
TOO BAD I CAN'T GIVE YOU K.P. TONIGHT, CUZ THE REGIMENT IS ATTENDING A CONCERT TONIGHT
HOW NICE OF YOU TO SPARE US, SARGE. WE'D LOVE TO GO!
GOLLY!
THEY'RE GONNA PLAY CLASSICAL MUSIC! THE REAL STUFF, SEE?--IF YOU LUGS DON'T UNDERSTAND IT--- ---- DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU SNORING!
Later, IN THE CONCERT HALL...
HERE WE ARE, BUCKY
WITH ALL THE SEATS IN THE HOUSE, WE GET THE ONES NEXT TO SERGEANT DUFFY!
GENTLEMEN, WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION BY A VERY GIFTED VIOLINIST. THIS VIOLIN SOLO WILL ALSO BE BROADCAST OVER THE RADIO FROM THIS STAGE
PSST! STEVE, LOOK!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

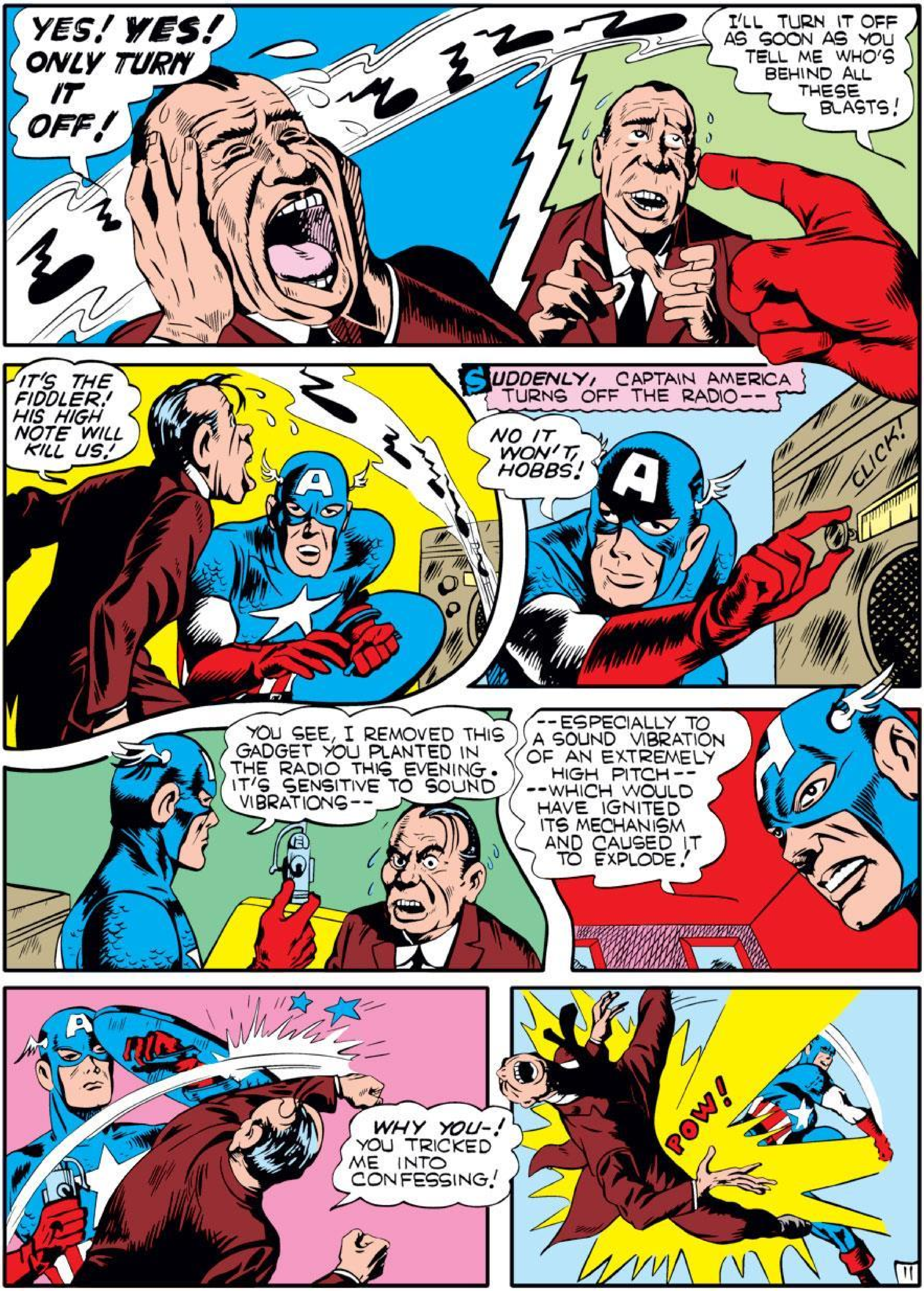

Meanwhile, BACKSTAGE--
HA-HA-- TONIGHT, MY VIOLIN, YOU SHALL PLAY THE STRANGEST MELODY EVER HEARD BY HUMAN EARS. YOU SHALL REACH NOTES THAT GO BEYOND THE MUSICAL SCALES-- THE NOTES OF DEATH!
The VIOLINIST MAKES HIS ENTRANCE AND BEGINS TO PLAY--
GOSH, STEVE... HOW FUNNY HIS PLAYING SOUNDS!
IT'S DOWNRIGHT UNCANNY! IT SENDS CHILLS DOWN MY BACK!
AH, BELOVED FIDDLE. SEE THE HYPNOTIZED LOOK IN THE SEA OF FACES BELOW US. IF THE POOR FOOLS ONLY KNEW WHAT WE KNOW, EH, FIDDLE?
SUDDENLY, THE VIOLIN NOTES REACH A WEIRD, UNHEARD-OF PITCH---
---WHICH PENETRATES THE EAR AND PROBES AT THE BRAIN WITH SUBTLE, TORTURING TENTACLES.
AS THE MADDENING MUSIC CLIMBS TO IT'S SHRILLEST PEAK, THE FIDDLER STOPS!---THE CONCERT IS OVER!
The AUDIENCE SEEMS TO AWAKEN AS IF FROM A DEEP TRANCE. THEY REMEMBER NOTHING EXCEPT THAT THEY FEEL THE EFFECTS OF A SEVERE EMOTIONAL STRAIN--
I FEEL AS IF I'VE BEEN THROUGH A NIGHTMARE, STEVE
GOSH! HE WENT BEYOND THE HIGHEST NOTES OF THE MUSICAL SCALE
THERE WAS SOMETHING UNNATURAL ABOUT THAT FIDDLER-- --SOMETHING STRANGE AND UNCANNY--HMM-- --OH, WELL, LET'S GO, KID

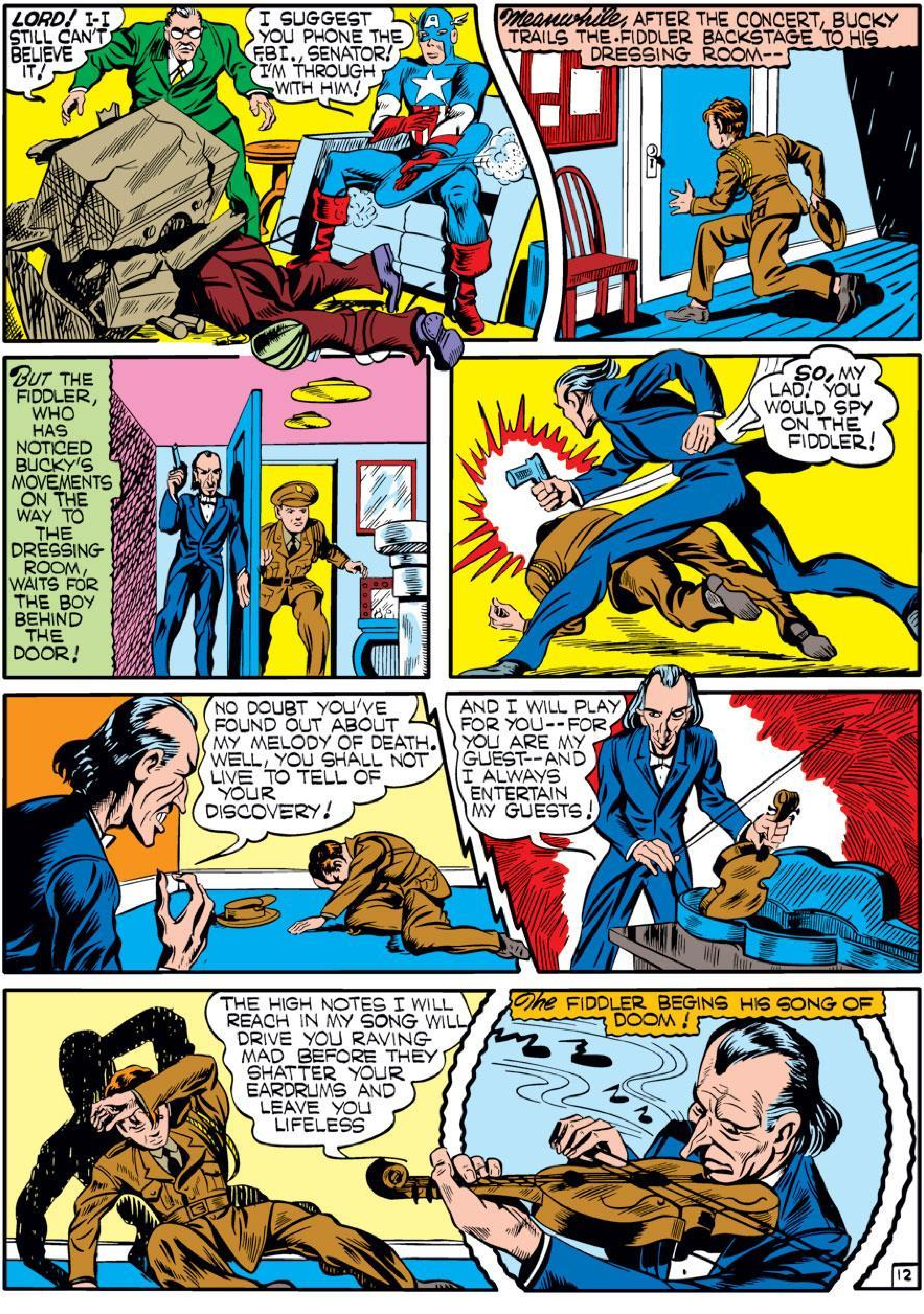

AS STEVE AND BUCKY LEAVE THE THEATRE--
WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT! SENATOR BLOWN UP IN BLAST!
PURCHASING A PAPER, STEVE IS HORRIFIED BY THE GRUESOME NEWS...
DAILY STAR
SENATOR LEE DIES IN MYSTERY BLAST
SECOND ANTI-NAZI SENATOR PERISHES IN EXPLOSION!
NATION SHOCKED AT HIS DEATH
POLICE ARE BAFFLED BY DEATH!
SENATOR LEE NEW VICTIM OF MYSTERY BLAST
SCENE O DISAS
C'MON, BUCKY, WE'LL WALK OVER TO SENATOR LEE'S HOME--IT'S NEAR HERE
GEE, STEVE. HE WAS THE SWELL FELLA WHO INVITED US TO HIS PARTY LAST MONTH, REMEMBER?
WE KNEW SENATOR LEE AND WOULD LIKE TO PAY OUR RESPECTS
SAY, YOU'RE NEW HERE, AREN'T YOU?
I'M SORRY, BUT THERE ARE NO VISITORS ALLOWED TODAY!
SLAM!
BUCKY, I'VE GOT A THEORY ABOUT THOSE BLASTS! YOU GO BACK TO CAMP. I'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER--
OKAY, STEVE
STEVE RENTS A CONSERVATIVE CIVILIAN OUTFIT FOR THE NIGHT
IN BOTH CASES THERE WAS A NEW SERVANT...I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!
SUCH A DOLLINK FIT! PLEASE TAKE CARE OF THE SUIT!
7.

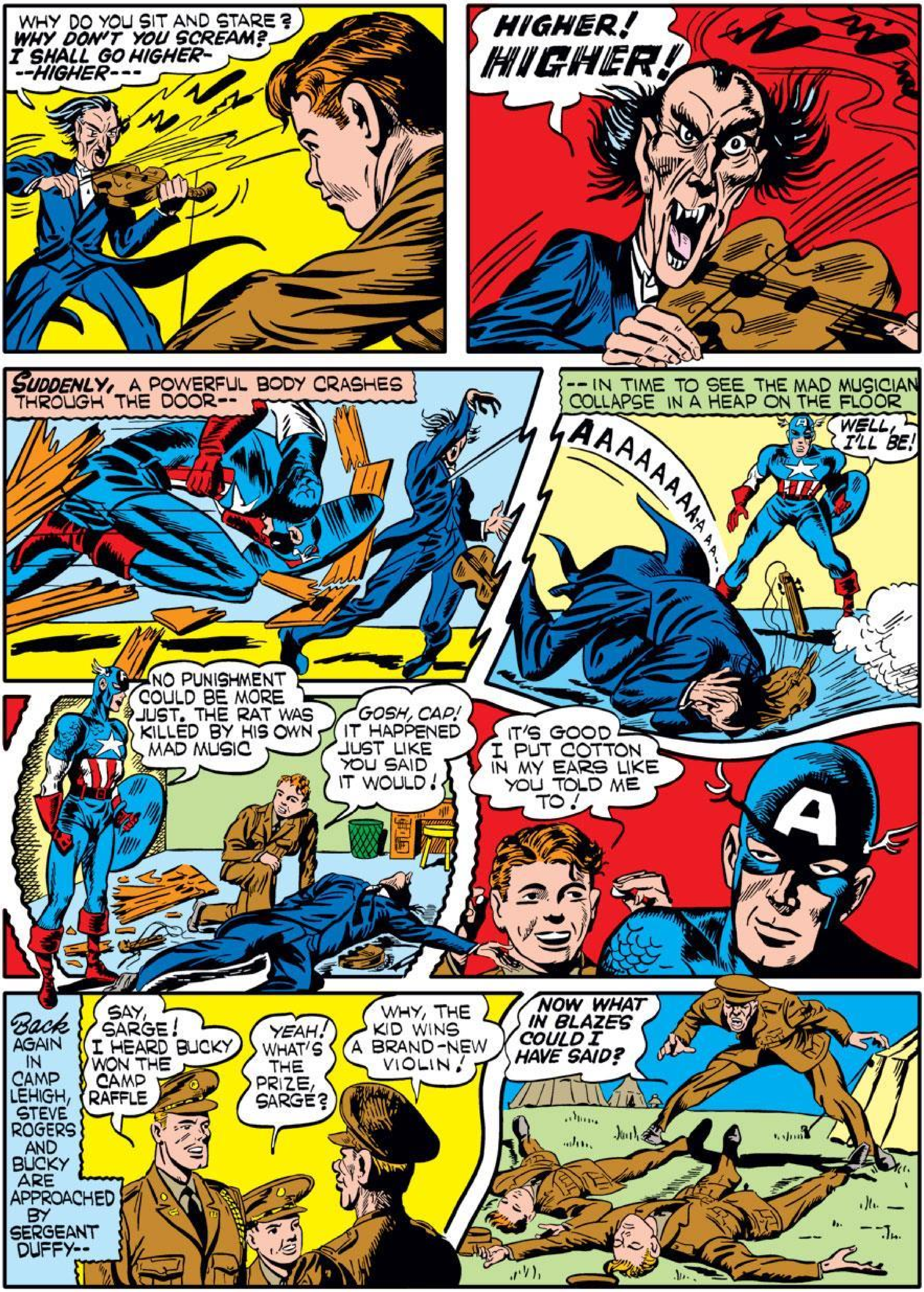

In smartly-dressed civilian clothes, Steve applies for a butler's job at the domestic employment agency--
I'D LIKE TO REGISTER FOR A BUTLER'S JOB
I'M SORRY. THERE ARE NO JOBS OPEN AT PRESENT. WHY NOT COME BACK A MONTH FROM NOW?
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR. ARE THERE ANY BUTLER JOBS OPEN?
ER--YES. GO TO 135 RAVEN STREET. TELL THEM OUR AGENCY RECOMMENDED YOU.
SO MY HUNCH **WAS** RIGHT! THAT AGENCY IS JUST A BLIND FOR THE HEAD-MAN TO GET HIS AGENTS INTO THE HOMES OF ANTI-NAZI SENATORS! 135 RAVEN STREET IS THE ADDRESS OF SENATOR SHORES
Split seconds later, the transformation of Steve Rogers into Captain America is complete--
BUT WHO IS THE HEAD-MAN? THOSE EXPLOSIONS, HOW DOES HE CAUSE THEM? THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA--
That night at Camp Lehigh--
GOSH, CAP! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I WAS WORRIED!
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW. LISTEN CAREFULLY!
A
THERE'S ANOTHER CONCERT IN TOWN TONIGHT. I WANT YOU TO GO THERE AND KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE FIDDLER. DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!
BUT, I--
Without another word of explanation, the great crime-fighter speeds into the night!

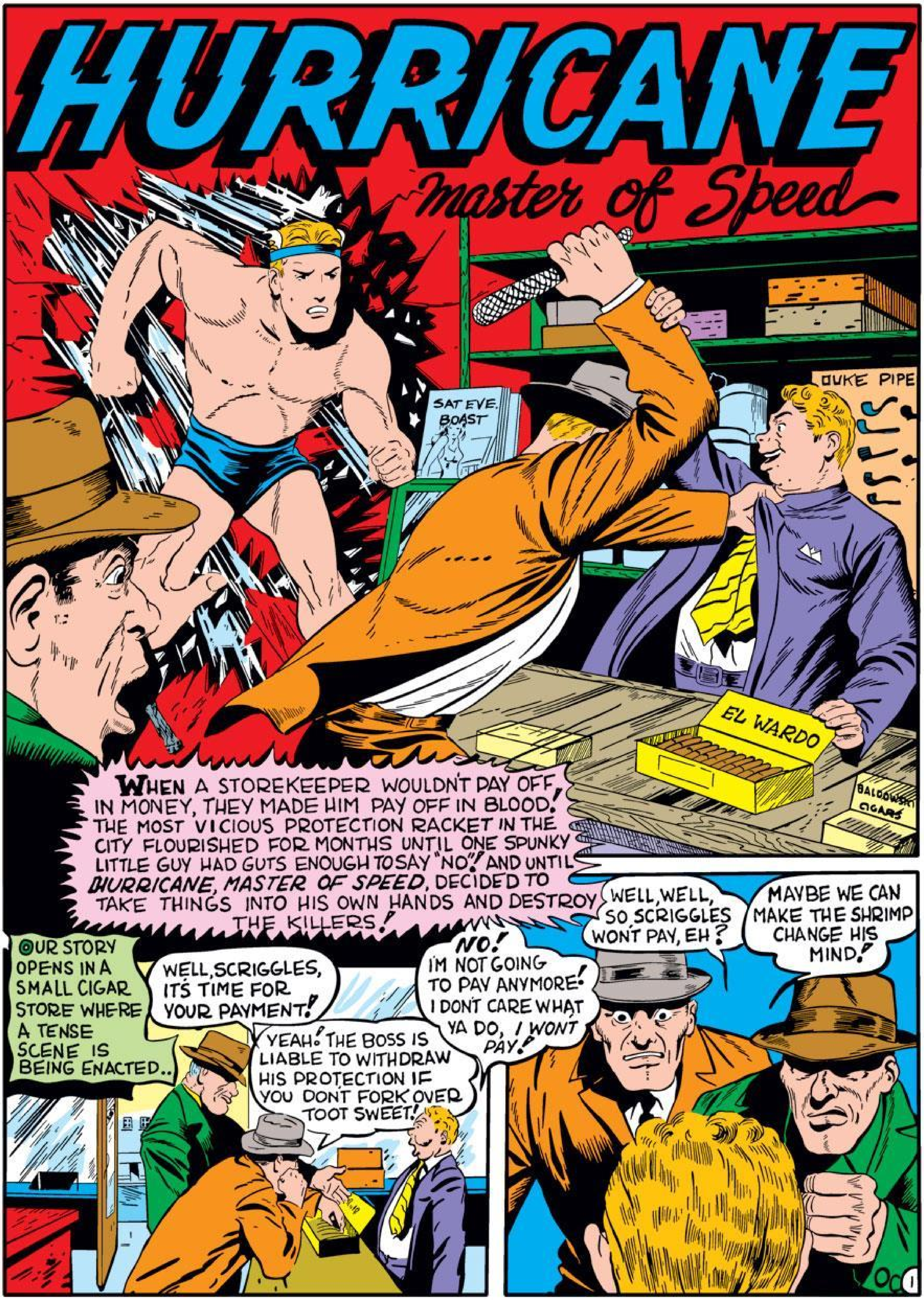

Meanwhile, AT THE HOME OF SENATOR SHORES--
WELL, HOBBS? WOULD YOU CARE TO LISTEN TO THE CONCERT WITH ME TONIGHT?
THANK YOU, SIR. BUT I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR MUSIC. I'LL GO TO MY ROOM
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU LEARNED TO APPRECIATE GOOD MUSIC, HOBBS. YOU'D BETTER STAY AND LISTEN TO THE CONCERT!
WHA-?
SEE HERE! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
ULP-!
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW ME, SENATOR SHORES--
W-WHY-YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I WANT YOU TO TRUST ME, SENATOR SHORES! I'VE A VERY GOOD REASON FOR WANTING THIS SKUNK TO LISTEN TO TONIGHT'S CONCERT--
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND--I-I-
NO! NO! I-I-WON'T LISTEN! I HATE MUSIC!
THE FACT THAT A CERTAIN VIOLINIST IS ON THE AIR TO-NIGHT WOULDN'T MAKE YOU HATE MUSIC, WOULD IT?
VIOLINIST? WHAT VIOLINIST? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
YOU WILL SOON ENOUGH, HOBBSY! THIS FIDDLER'S ON STATION WOX--
--THE ONLY STATION THIS RADIO IS SET TO RECEIVE, TONIGHT!

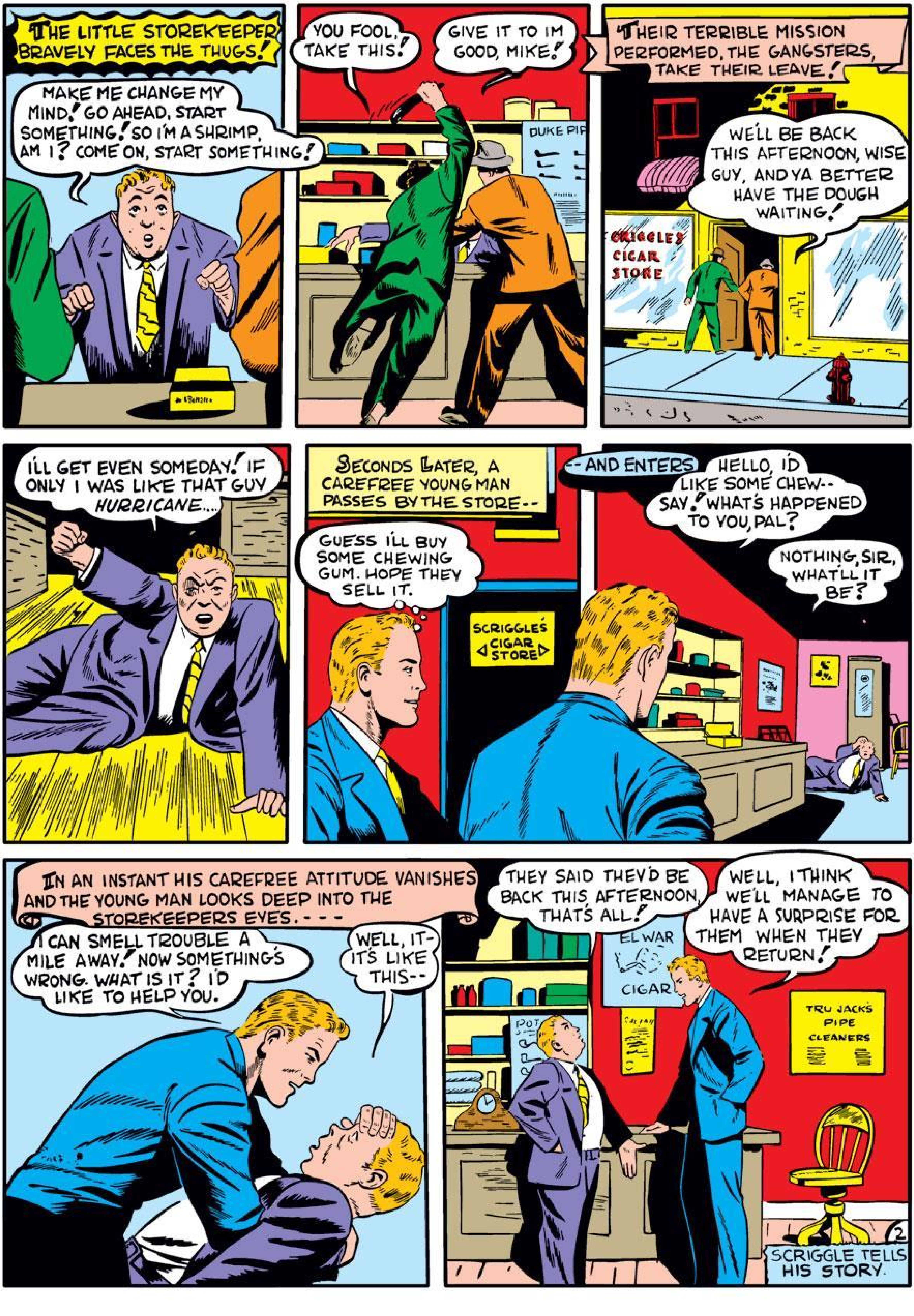

AT THE CONCERT HALL THE FIDDLER IS ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE--
MY FRIENDS, MY FINAL PERFORMANCE IN THIS CITY BEING TONIGHT, I WILL PLAY THE HIGHEST NOTES EVER REACHED BY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
TONIGHT I SHALL GIVE MY GREATEST PERFORMANCE! (THE FUEHRER WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS WEEK'S WORK- --HA--HA-- HA-HA!)
GOSH! I SURE WISH CAP WAS HERE!
The MAD MUSICIAN THEN BEGINS HIS EERIE SONG OF DEATH!
IN SENATOR SHORES HOME, HOBBS, THE BUTLER, STARTS WITH FRIGHT AS THE FIRST QUEER NOTES COME FROM THE RADIO..
NO! NO!
SIT DOWN, RAT!
Senator SHORES LISTENS WITH AMAZEMENT----
MY, WHAT WEIRD MUSIC!
The MUSIC GROWS LOUDER--
TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF BEFORE WE'RE--
BEFORE WE'RE BLOWN TO BITS! IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN, HOBBS?
IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN? IS IT? IS IT?

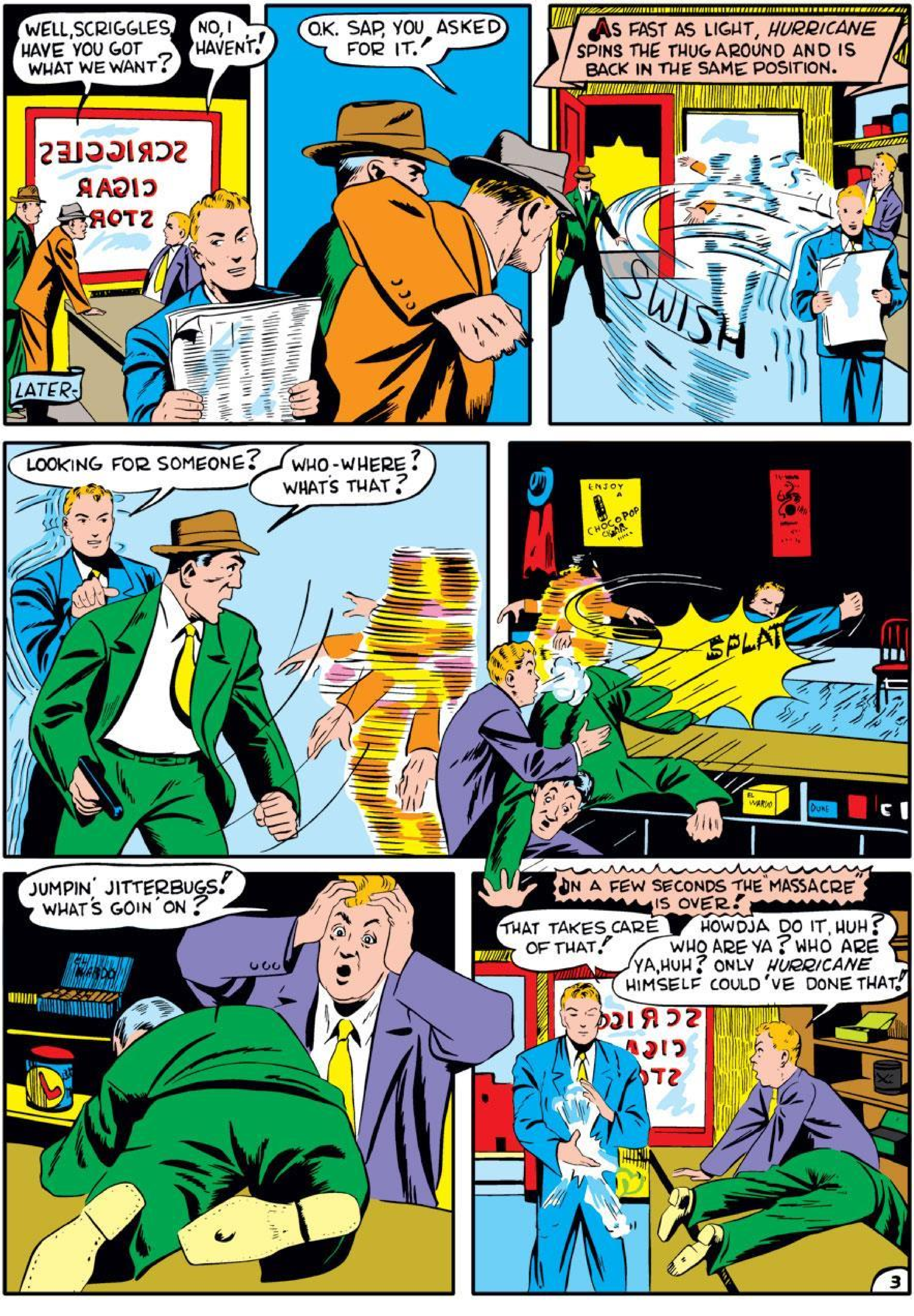

YES! YES! ONLY TURN IT OFF!
I'LL TURN IT OFF AS SOON AS YOU TELL ME WHO'S BEHIND ALL THESE BLASTS!
IT'S THE FIDDLER! HIS HIGH NOTE WILL KILL US!
SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA TURNS OFF THE RADIO--
NO IT WON'T, HOBBS!
CLICK!
YOU SEE, I REMOVED THIS GADGET YOU PLANTED IN THE RADIO THIS EVENING. IT'S SENSITIVE TO SOUND VIBRATIONS--
--ESPECIALLY TO A SOUND VIBRATION OF AN EXTREMELY HIGH PITCH-- --WHICH WOULD HAVE IGNITED ITS MECHANISM AND CAUSED IT TO EXPLODE!
WHY YOU-! YOU TRICKED ME INTO CONFESSING!
POW!
11

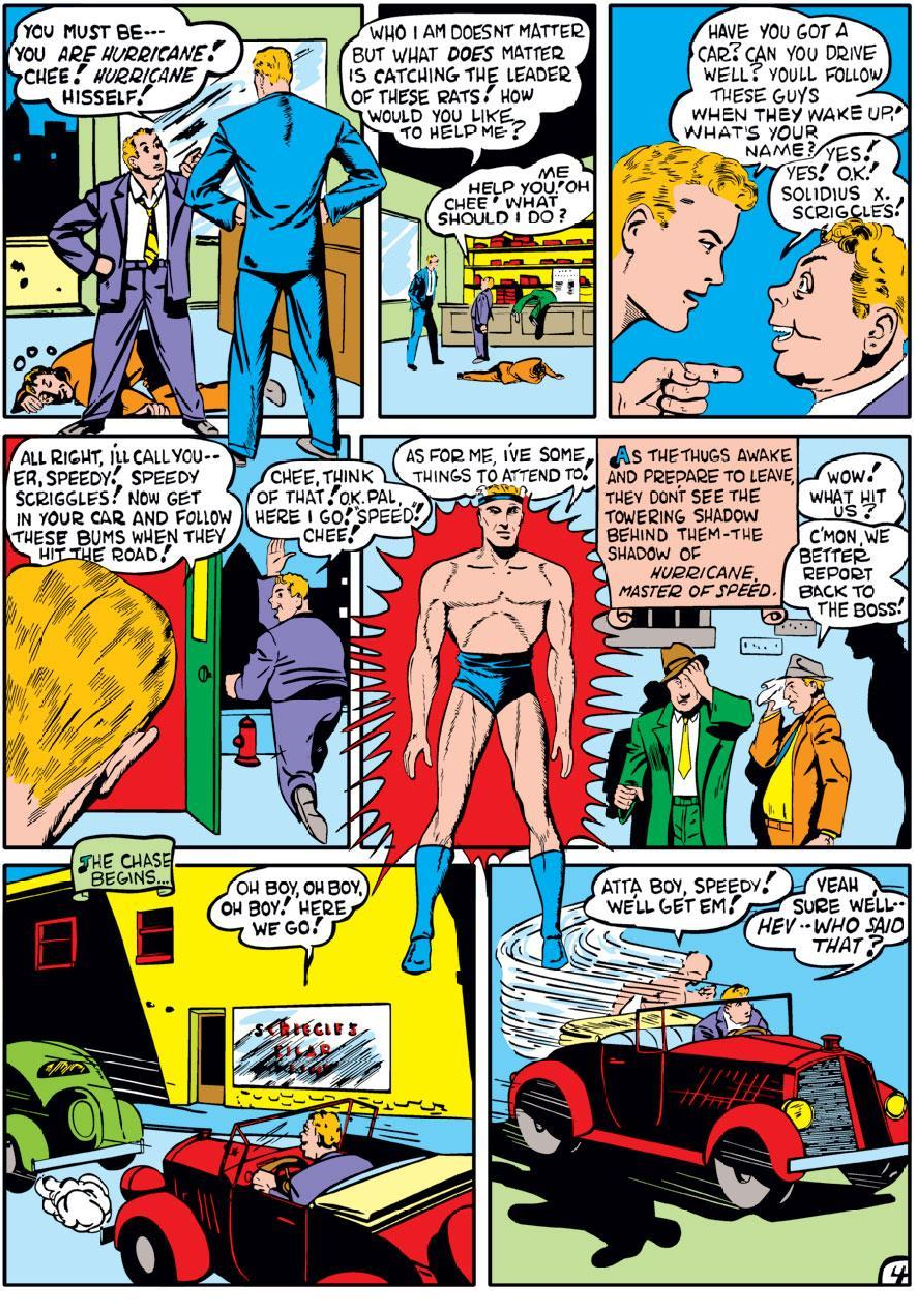

LORD! I-I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
I SUGGEST YOU PHONE THE F.B.I., SENATOR! I'M THROUGH WITH HIM!
Meanwhile, AFTER THE CONCERT, BUCKY TRAILS THE FIDDLER BACKSTAGE TO HIS DRESSING ROOM--
BUT THE FIDDLER, WHO HAS NOTICED BUCKY'S MOVEMENTS ON THE WAY TO THE DRESSING-ROOM, WAITS FOR THE BOY BEHIND THE DOOR!
SO, MY LAD! YOU WOULD SPY ON THE FIDDLER!
NO DOUBT YOU'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY MELODY OF DEATH. WELL, YOU SHALL NOT LIVE TO TELL OF YOUR DISCOVERY!
AND I WILL PLAY FOR YOU--FOR YOU ARE MY GUEST--AND I ALWAYS ENTERTAIN MY GUESTS!
THE HIGH NOTES I WILL REACH IN MY SONG WILL DRIVE YOU RAVING MAD BEFORE THEY SHATTER YOUR EARDRUMS AND LEAVE YOU LIFELESS
The FIDDLER BEGINS HIS SONG OF DOOM!
12

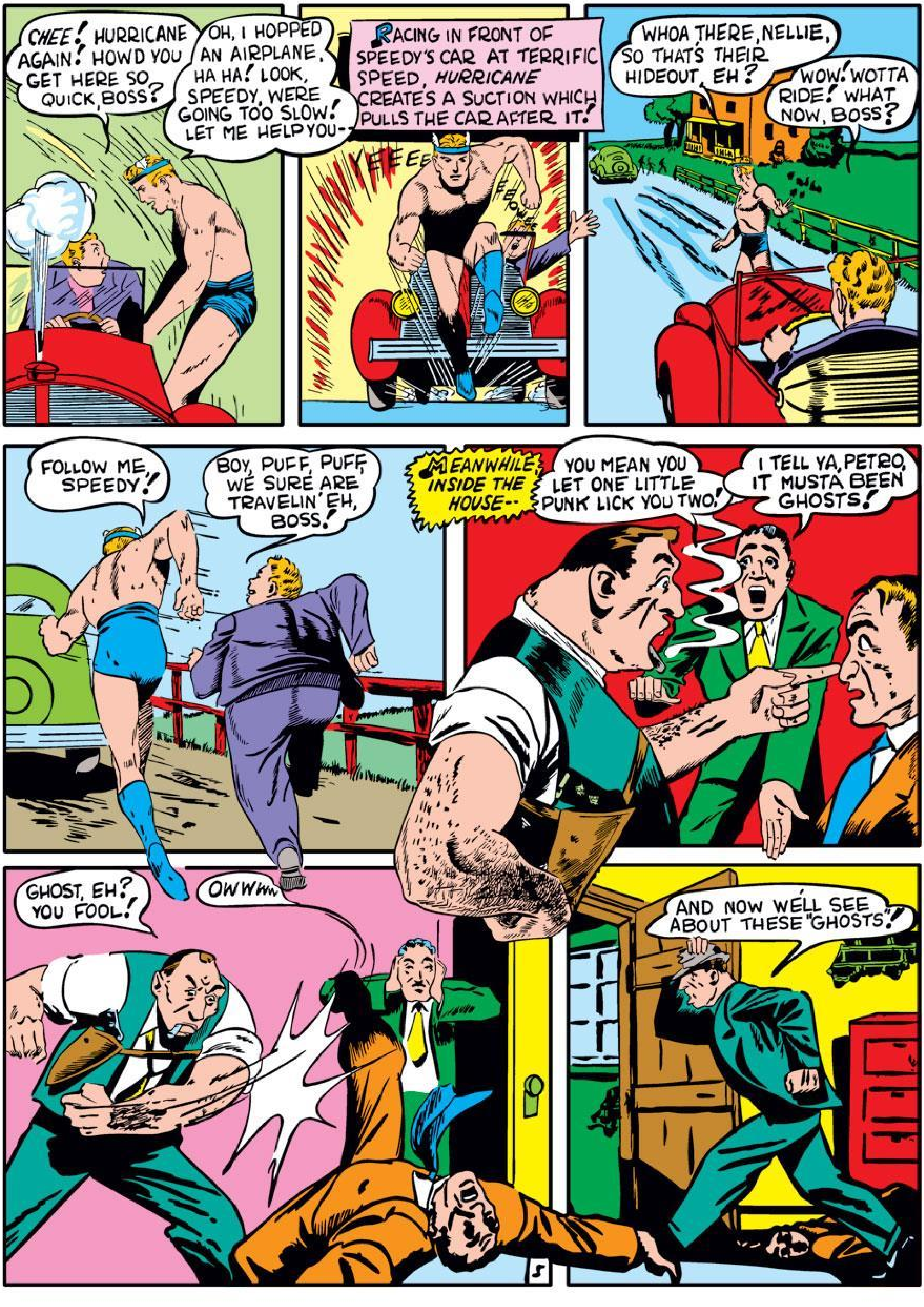

WHY DO YOU SIT AND STARE? WHY DON'T YOU SCREAM? I SHALL GO HIGHER- --HIGHER---
HIGHER! HIGHER!
SUDDENLY, A POWERFUL BODY CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR--
-- IN TIME TO SEE THE MAD MUSICIAN COLLAPSE IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR
AAAAAAAAAAAAA...
WELL, I'LL BE!
NO PUNISHMENT COULD BE MORE JUST. THE RAT WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN MAD MUSIC
GOSH, CAP! IT HAPPENED JUST LIKE YOU SAID IT WOULD!
IT'S GOOD I PUT COTTON IN MY EARS LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO!
Back AGAIN IN CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY ARE APPROACHED BY SERGEANT DUFFY--
SAY, SARGE! I HEARD BUCKY WON THE CAMP RAFFLE
YEAH! WHAT'S THE PRIZE, SARGE?
WHY, THE KID WINS A BRAND-NEW VIOLIN!
NOW WHAT IN BLAZES COULD I HAVE SAID?

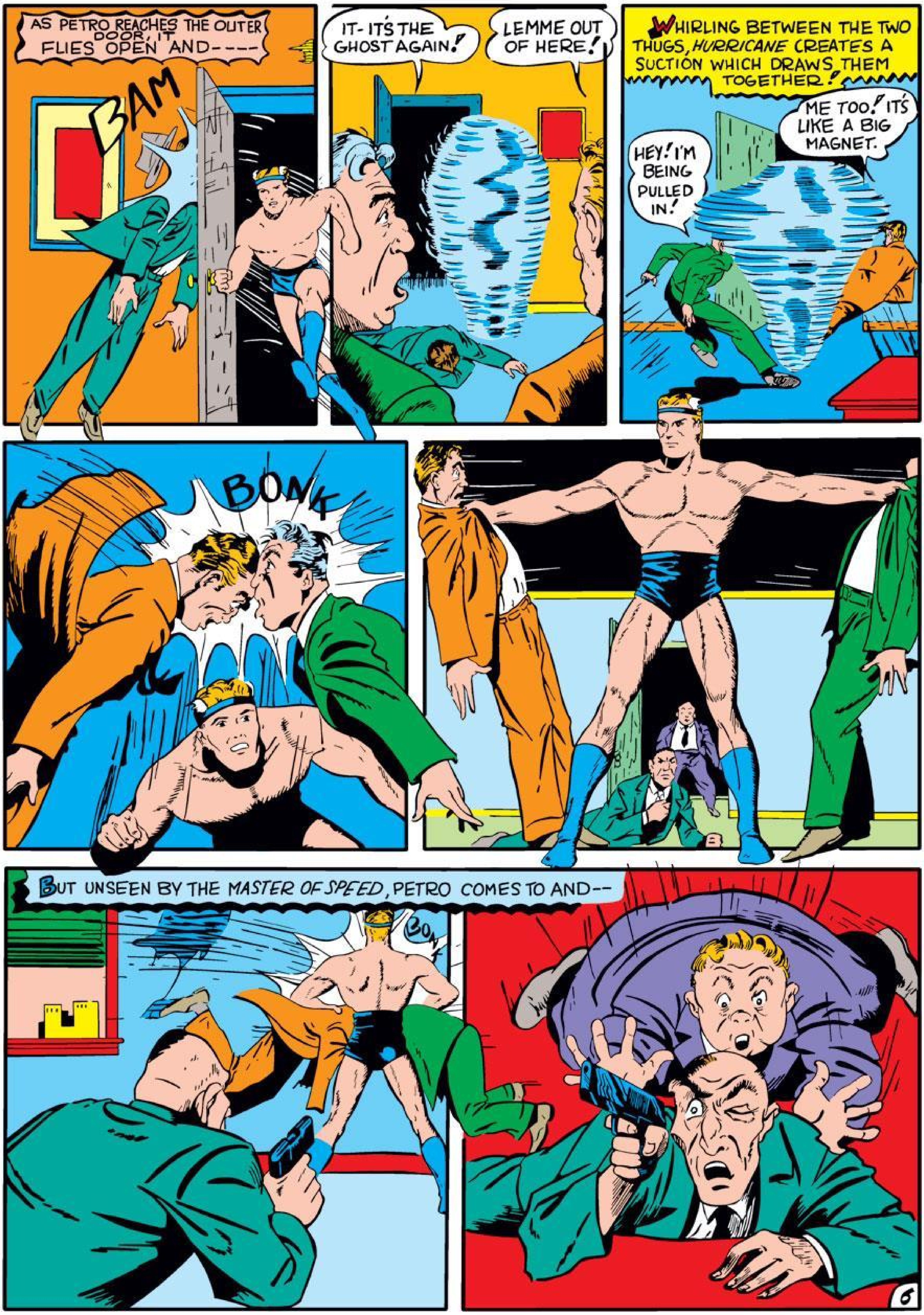

HURRICANE
Master of Speed
SAT EVE. BOAST
DUKE PIPE
EL WARDO
BALDOWSKI CIGARS
WHEN A STOREKEEPER WOULDN'T PAY OFF IN MONEY, THEY MADE HIM PAY OFF IN BLOOD! THE MOST VICIOUS PROTECTION RACKET IN THE CITY FLOURISHED FOR MONTHS UNTIL ONE SPUNKY LITTLE GUY HAD GUTS ENOUGH TO SAY "NO"! AND UNTIL HURRICANE, MASTER OF SPEED, DECIDED TO TAKE THINGS INTO HIS OWN HANDS AND DESTROY THE KILLERS!
OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL CIGAR STORE WHERE A TENSE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED..
WELL, SCRIGGLES, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR PAYMENT!
YEAH! THE BOSS IS LIABLE TO WITHDRAW HIS PROTECTION IF YOU DON'T FORK OVER TOOT SWEET!
NO! I'M NOT GOING TO PAY ANYMORE! I DON'T CARE WHAT YA DO, I WON'T PAY!
WELL, WELL, SO SCRIGGLES WON'T PAY, EH?
MAYBE WE CAN MAKE THE SHRIMP CHANGE HIS MIND!
OC
1

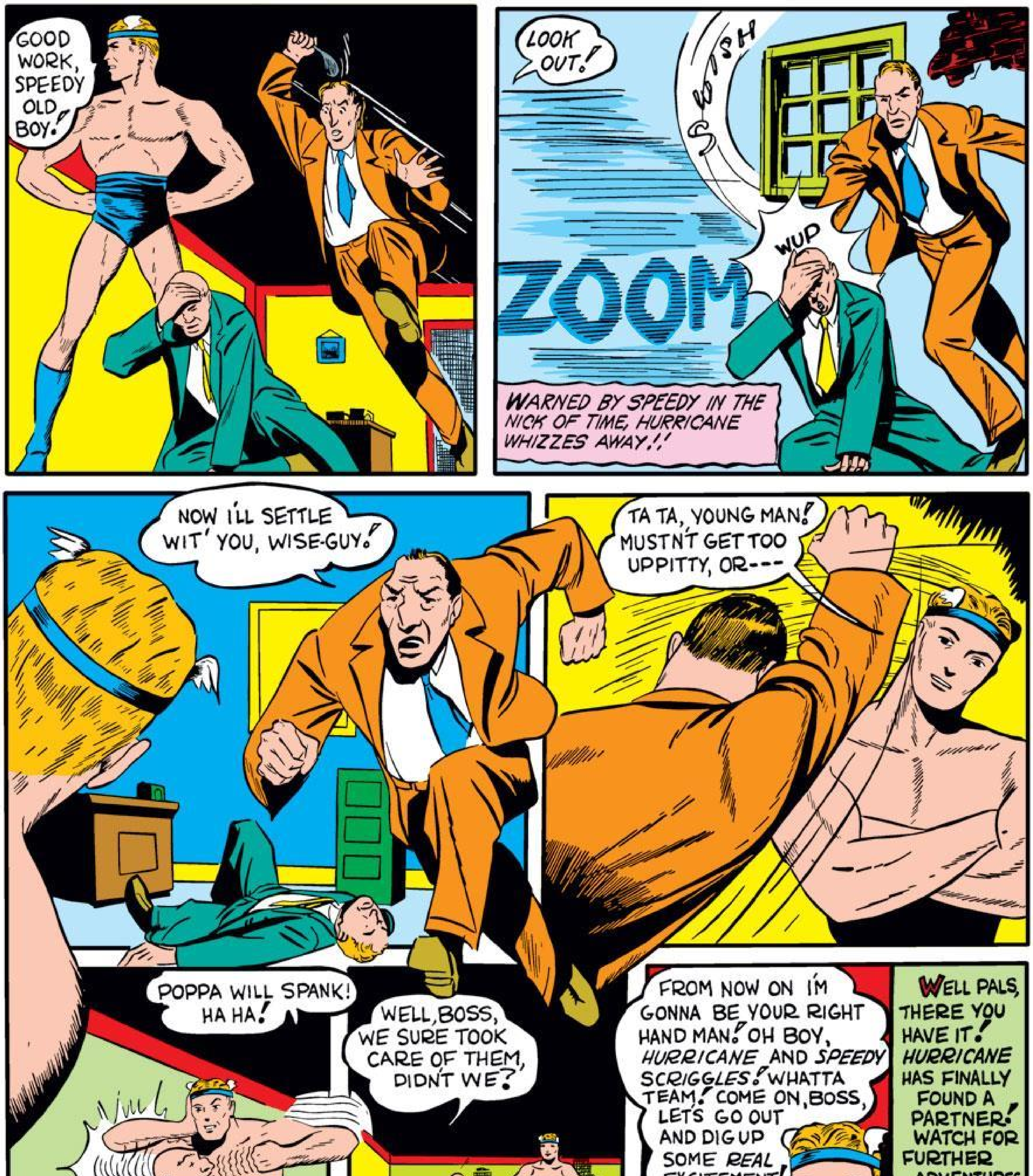

THE LITTLE STOREKEEPER BRAVELY FACES THE THUGS!
MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND! GO AHEAD, START SOMETHING! SO I'M A SHRIMP, AM I? COME ON, START SOMETHING!
YOU FOOL, TAKE THIS!
GIVE IT TO IM GOOD, MIKE!
DUKE PIP
THEIR TERRIBLE MISSION PERFORMED, THE GANGSTERS TAKE THEIR LEAVE!
WE'LL BE BACK THIS AFTERNOON, WISE GUY, AND YA BETTER HAVE THE DOUGH WAITING!
SCRIGGLES CIGAR STORE
I'LL GET EVEN SOMEDAY! IF ONLY I WAS LIKE THAT GUY HURRICANE....
SECONDS LATER, A CAREFREE YOUNG MAN PASSES BY THE STORE--
GUESS I'LL BUY SOME CHEWING GUM. HOPE THEY SELL IT.
SCRIGGLE'S CIGAR STORE
--AND ENTERS
HELLO, I'D LIKE SOME CHEW-- SAY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, PAL?
NOTHING, SIR, WHAT'LL IT BE?
IN AN INSTANT HIS CAREFREE ATTITUDE VANISHES AND THE YOUNG MAN LOOKS DEEP INTO THE STOREKEEPERS EYES.---
I CAN SMELL TROUBLE A MILE AWAY! NOW SOMETHING'S WRONG. WHAT IS IT? I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU.
WELL, IT- IT'S LIKE THIS--
THEY SAID THEY'D BE BACK THIS AFTERNOON, THAT'S ALL!
WELL, I THINK WE'LL MANAGE TO HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THEM WHEN THEY RETURN!
EL WAR CIGAR
TRU JACK'S PIPE CLEANERS
SCRIGGLE TELLS HIS STORY.


WELL, SCRIGGLES, HAVE YOU GOT WHAT WE WANT?
NO, I HAVENT!
SCRIGGLES CIGAR STORE
LATER-
O.K. SAP, YOU ASKED FOR IT.!
AS FAST AS LIGHT, HURRICANE SPINS THE THUG AROUND AND IS BACK IN THE SAME POSITION.
SWISH
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?
WHO-WHERE? WHAT'S THAT?
ENJOY A CHOCOPOP CIGAR
SPLAT
EL WARDO
DUKE
JUMPIN' JITTERBUGS! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
EL WARDO
IN A FEW SECONDS THE "MASSACRE" IS OVER!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!
HOWDJA DO IT, HUH? WHO ARE YA? WHO ARE YA, HUH? ONLY HURRICANE HIMSELF COULD'VE DONE THAT!
SCRIG CIGA STO

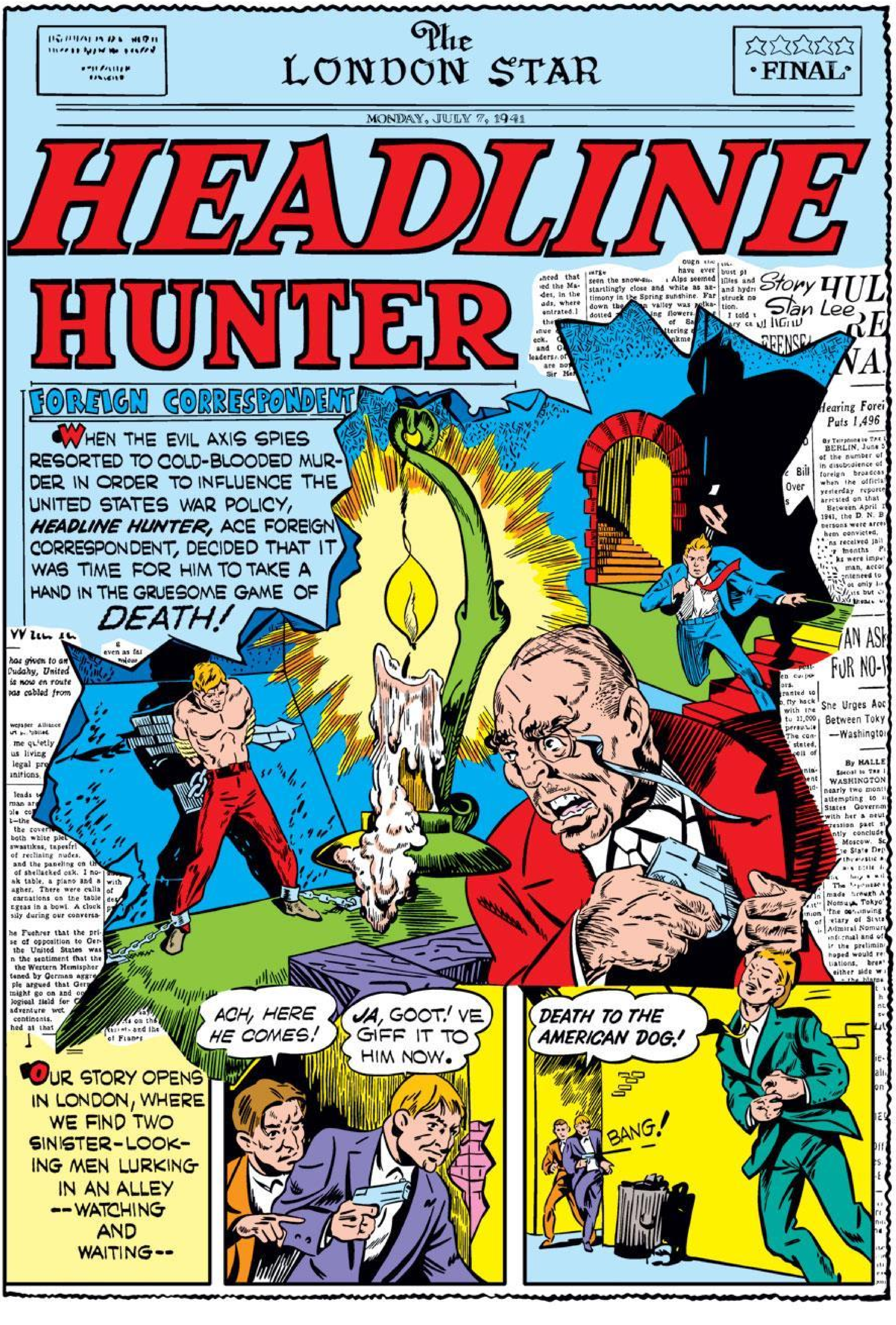

YOU MUST BE--- YOU ARE HURRICANE! CHEE! HURRICANE HISSELF!
WHO I AM DOESNT MATTER BUT WHAT DOES MATTER IS CATCHING THE LEADER OF THESE RATS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP ME?
ME HELP YOU! OH CHEE! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
HAVE YOU GOT A CAR? CAN YOU DRIVE WELL? YOULL FOLLOW THESE GUYS WHEN THEY WAKE UP! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
YES! YES! O.K.! SOLIDIUS X. SCRIGGLES!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL CALL YOU-- ER, SPEEDY! SPEEDY SCRIGGLES! NOW GET IN YOUR CAR AND FOLLOW THESE BUMS WHEN THEY HIT THE ROAD!
CHEE, THINK OF THAT! O.K. PAL, HERE I GO! "SPEED"! CHEE!
AS FOR ME, I'VE SOME THINGS TO ATTEND TO!
AS THE THUGS AWAKE AND PREPARE TO LEAVE, THEY DON'T SEE THE TOWERING SHADOW BEHIND THEM-THE SHADOW OF HURRICANE, MASTER OF SPEED.
WOW! WHAT HIT US?
C'MON, WE BETTER REPORT BACK TO THE BOSS!
THE CHASE BEGINS...
OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY! HERE WE GO!
SCRIGGLES CIGAR
ATTA BOY, SPEEDY! WE'LL GET EM!
YEAH SURE WELL-- HEY--WHO SAID THAT?

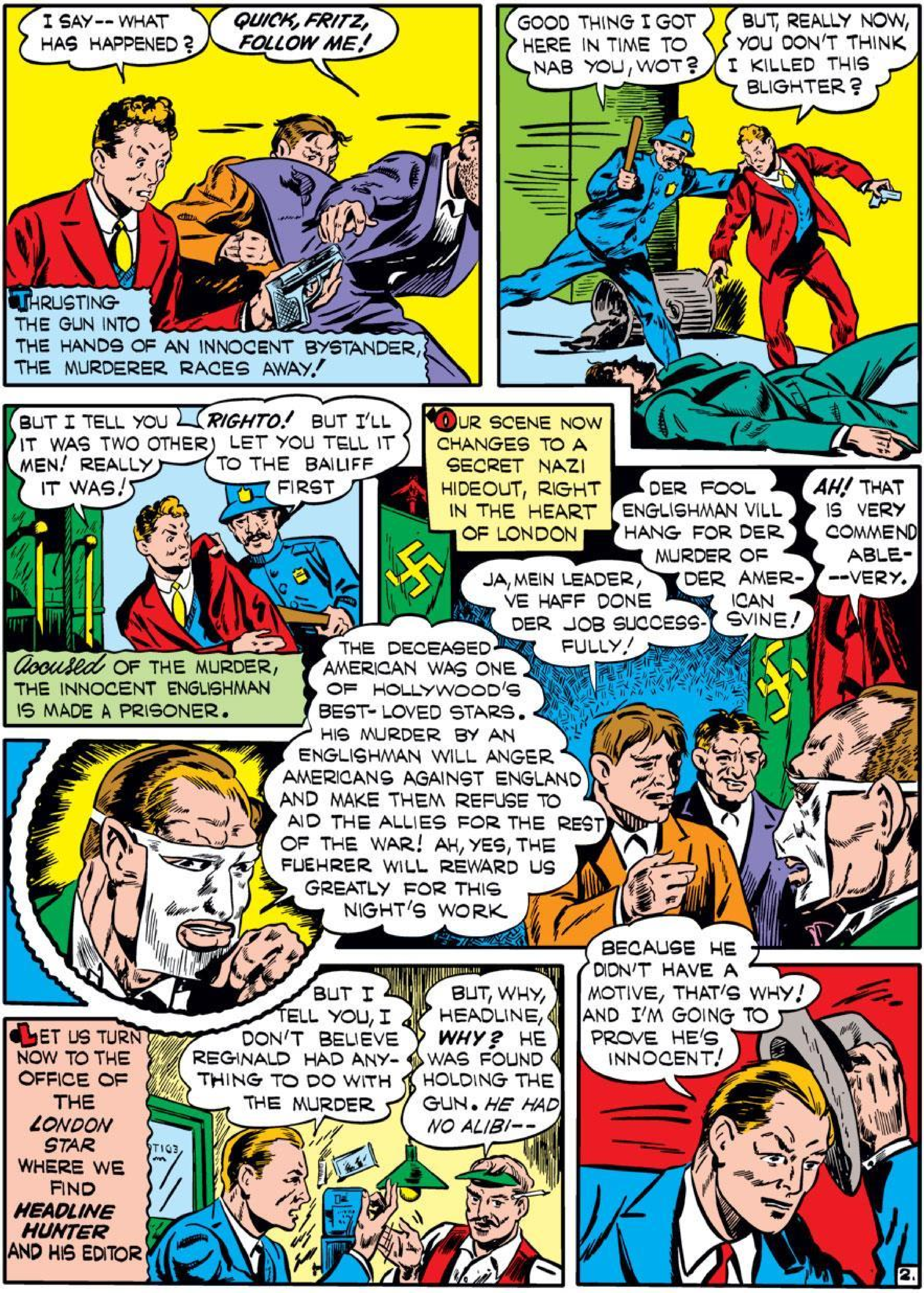

CHEE! HURRICANE AGAIN! HOWD YOU GET HERE SO QUICK, BOSS?
OH, I HOPPED AN AIRPLANE. HA HA! LOOK, SPEEDY, WERE GOING TOO SLOW! LET ME HELP YOU--
RACING IN FRONT OF SPEEDY'S CAR AT TERRIFIC SPEED, HURRICANE CREATE'S A SUCTION WHICH PULLS THE CAR AFTER IT!
YEEEEE
EEOWEE
WHOA THERE, NELLIE, SO THAT'S THEIR HIDEOUT, EH?
WOW! WOTTA RIDE! WHAT NOW, BOSS?
FOLLOW ME, SPEEDY!
BOY, PUFF, PUFF, WE SURE ARE TRAVELIN' EH, BOSS!
MEANWHILE INSIDE THE HOUSE--
YOU MEAN YOU LET ONE LITTLE PUNK LICK YOU TWO!
I TELL YA, PETRO, IT MUSTA BEEN GHOSTS!
GHOST, EH? YOU FOOL!
OWWWW
AND NOW WE'LL SEE ABOUT THESE "GHOSTS"!

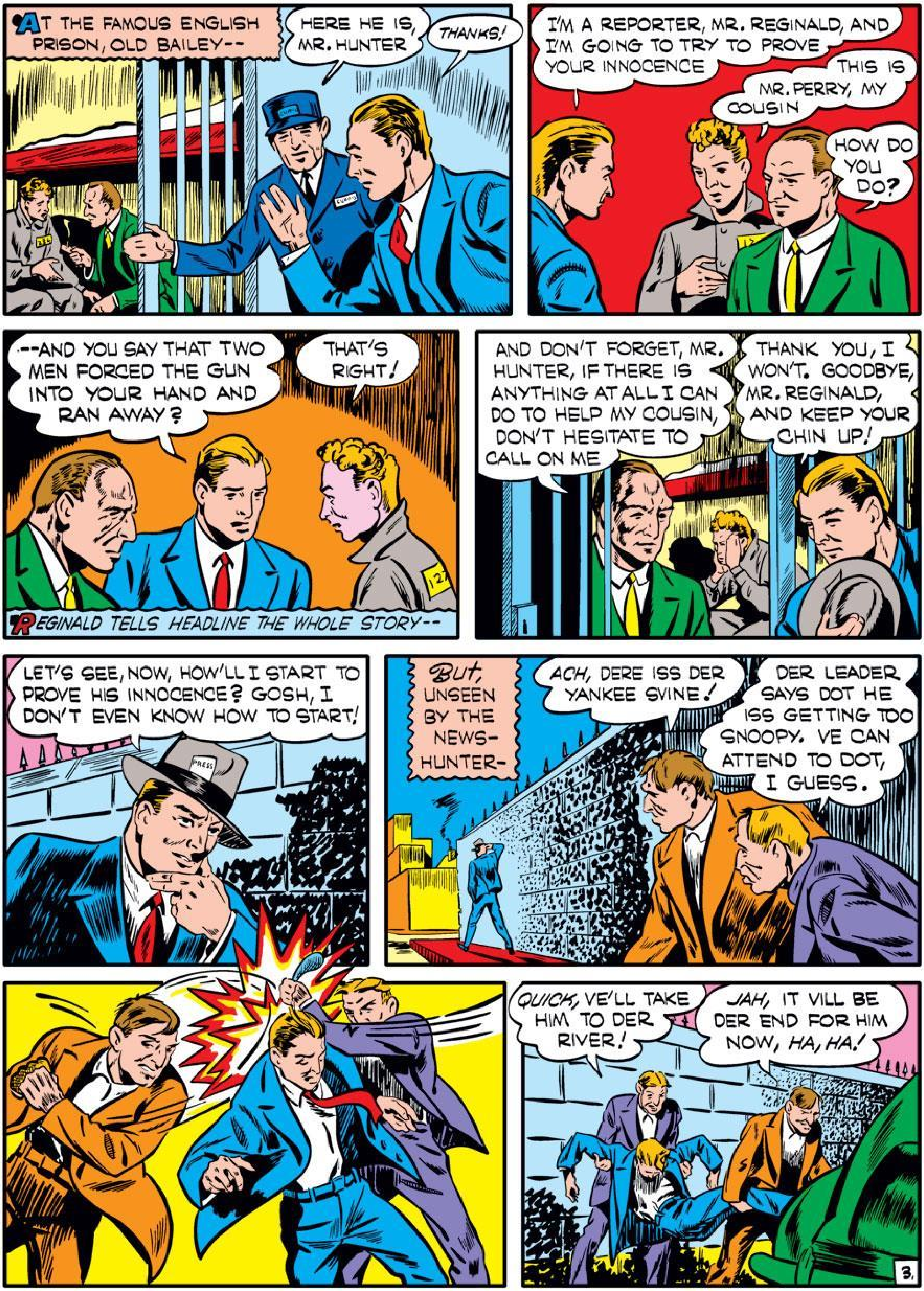

AS PETRO REACHES THE OUTER DOOR, IT FLIES OPEN AND----
BAM
IT- IT'S THE GHOST AGAIN!
LEMME OUT OF HERE!
WHIRLING BETWEEN THE TWO THUGS, HURRICANE CREATES A SUCTION WHICH DRAWS THEM TOGETHER!
HEY! I'M BEING PULLED IN!
ME TOO! IT'S LIKE A BIG MAGNET.
BONK
BUT UNSEEN BY THE MASTER OF SPEED, PETRO COMES TO AND--
BONK

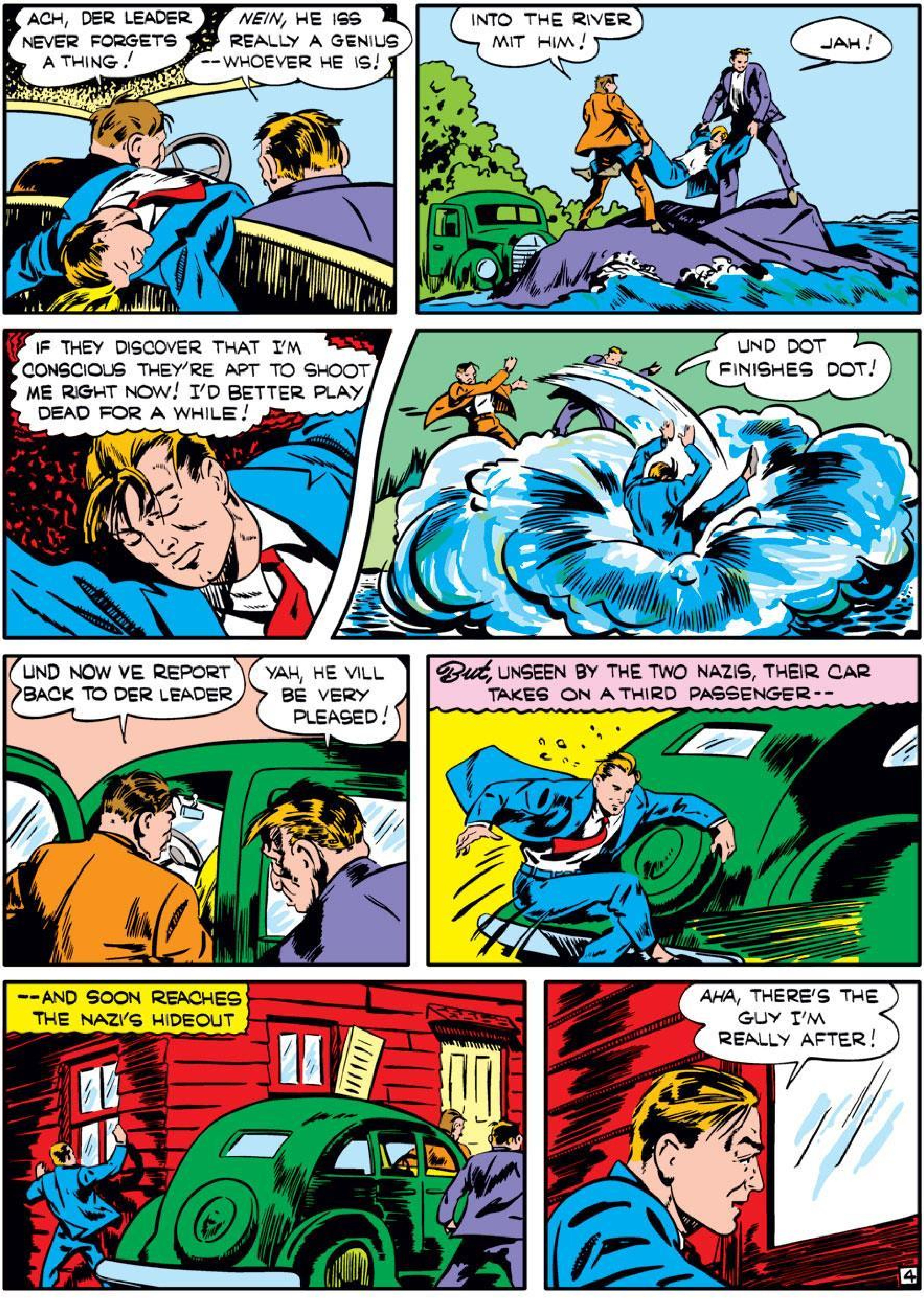

GOOD WORK, SPEEDY OLD BOY!
LOOK OUT!
SWISH
ZOOM
WUP
WARNED BY SPEEDY IN THE NICK OF TIME, HURRICANE WHIZZES AWAY!!
NOW I'LL SETTLE WIT' YOU, WISE-GUY!
TA TA, YOUNG MAN! MUSTN'T GET TOO UPPITTY, OR---
POPPA WILL SPANK! HA HA!
WELL, BOSS, WE SURE TOOK CARE OF THEM, DIDN'T WE?
FROM NOW ON I'M GONNA BE YOUR RIGHT HAND MAN! OH BOY, HURRICANE AND SPEEDY SCRIGGLES! WHATTA TEAM! COME ON, BOSS, LETS GO OUT AND DIG UP SOME REAL EXCITEMENT!
WELL PALS, THERE YOU HAVE IT! HURRICANE HAS FINALLY FOUND A PARTNER! WATCH FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF HURRICANE AND SPEEDY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS AND P.S.-- TELL US HOW YOU LIKE SPEEDY WON'T YOU?
7

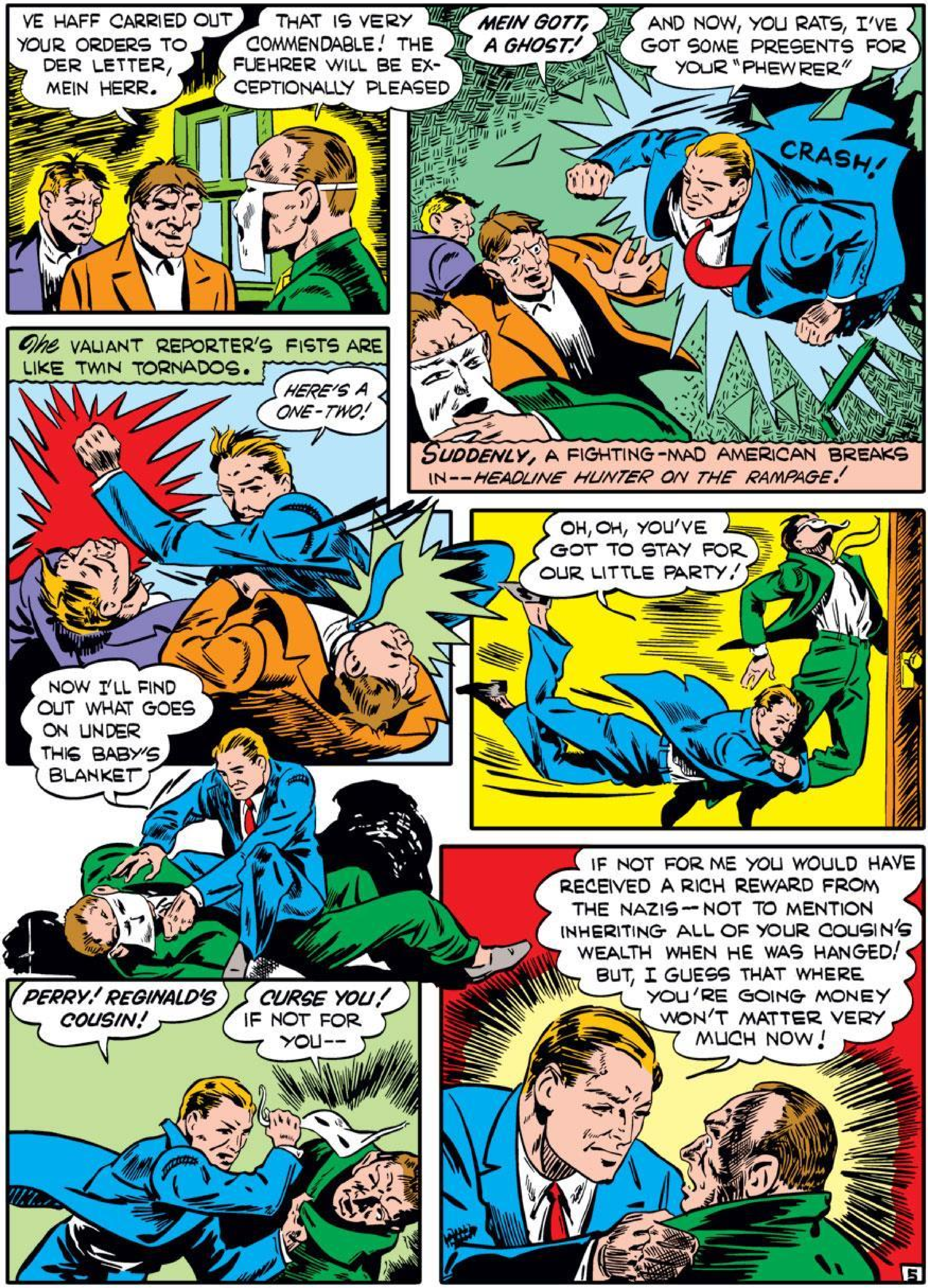
HEADLINE HUNTER

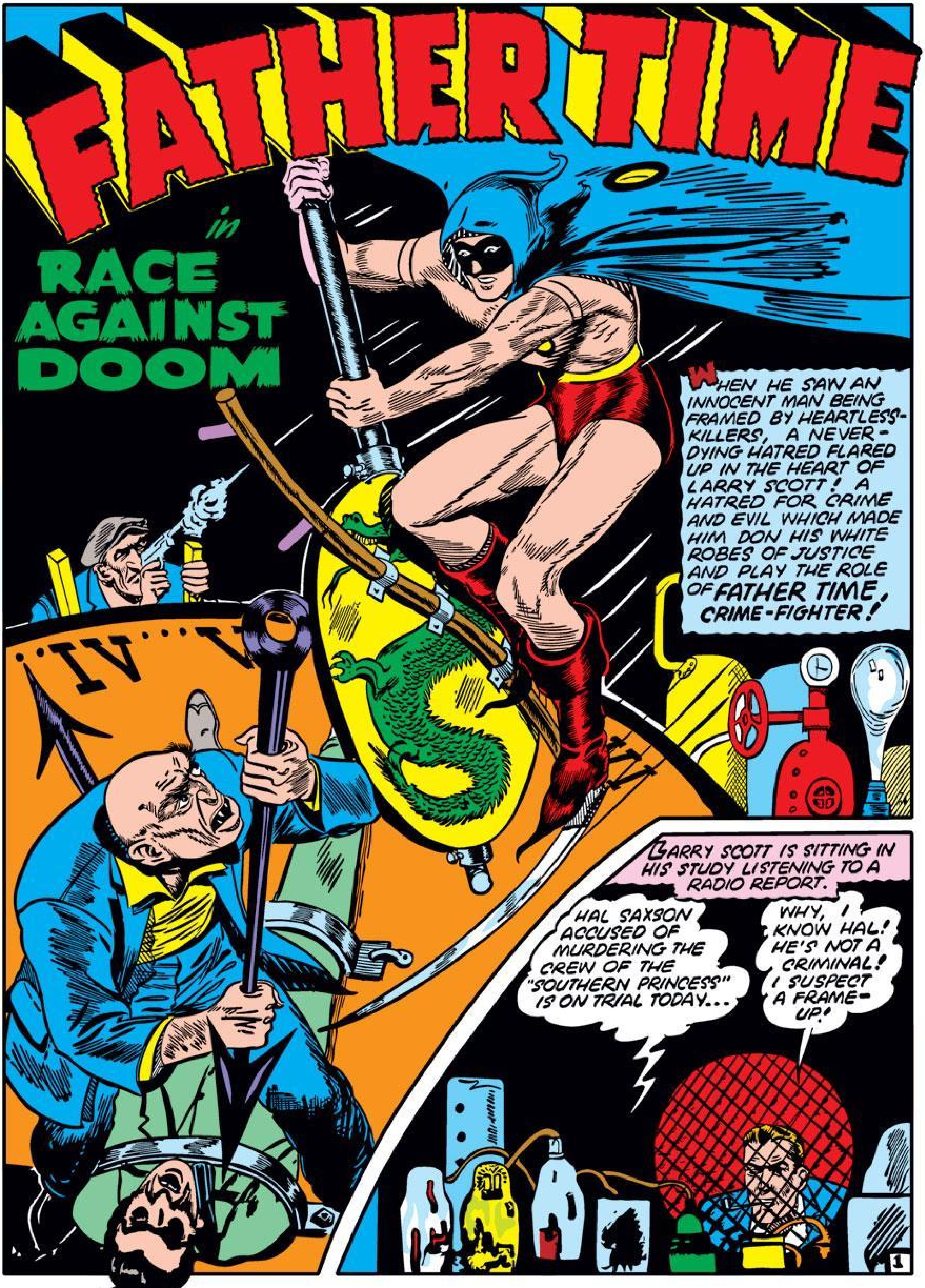

The LONDON STAR
FINAL
MONDAY, JULY 7, 1941
HEADLINE HUNTER
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
Story Stan Lee
WHEN THE EVIL AXIS SPIES RESORTED TO COLD-BLOODED MURDER IN ORDER TO INFLUENCE THE UNITED STATES WAR POLICY, HEADLINE HUNTER, ACE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME FOR HIM TO TAKE A HAND IN THE GRUESOME GAME OF DEATH!
OUR STORY OPENS IN LONDON, WHERE WE FIND TWO SINISTER-LOOKING MEN LURKING IN AN ALLEY --WATCHING AND WAITING--
ACH, HERE HE COMES!
JA, GOOT! VE GIFF IT TO HIM NOW.
DEATH TO THE AMERICAN DOG!
BANG!

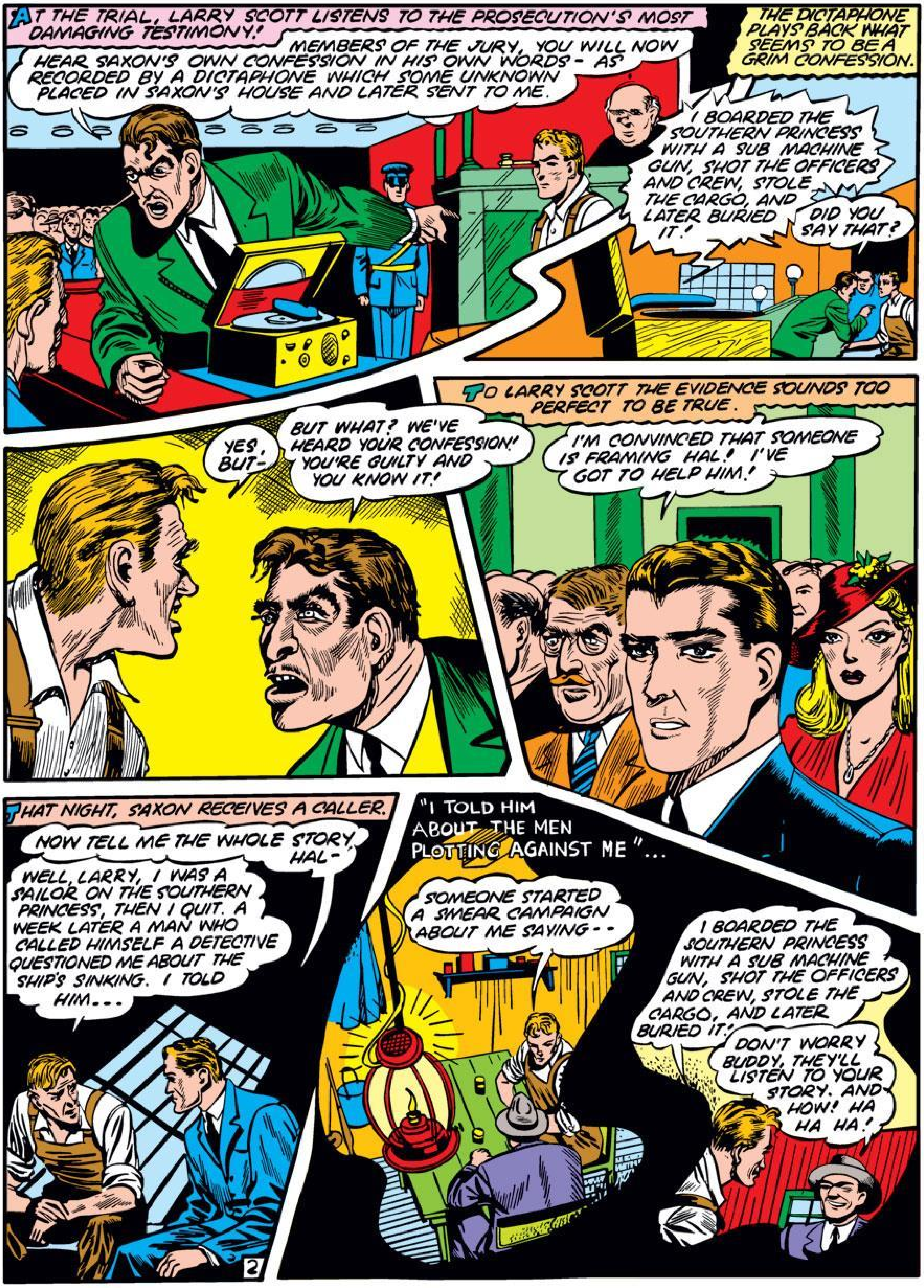

I SAY-- WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
QUICK, FRITZ, FOLLOW ME!
THRUSTING THE GUN INTO THE HANDS OF AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER, THE MURDERER RACES AWAY!
GOOD THING I GOT HERE IN TIME TO NAB YOU, WOT?
BUT, REALLY NOW, YOU DON'T THINK I KILLED THIS BLIGHTER?
BUT I TELL YOU IT WAS TWO OTHER MEN! REALLY IT WAS!
RIGHTO! BUT I'LL LET YOU TELL IT TO THE BAILIFF FIRST
ACCUSED OF THE MURDER, THE INNOCENT ENGLISHMAN IS MADE A PRISONER.
OUR SCENE NOW CHANGES TO A SECRET NAZI HIDEOUT, RIGHT IN THE HEART OF LONDON
JA, MEIN LEADER, VE HAFF DONE DER JOB SUCCESSFULLY!
DER FOOL ENGLISHMAN VILL HANG FOR DER MURDER OF DER AMERICAN SVINE!
AH! THAT IS VERY COMMENDABLE--VERY.
THE DECEASED AMERICAN WAS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-LOVED STARS. HIS MURDER BY AN ENGLISHMAN WILL ANGER AMERICANS AGAINST ENGLAND AND MAKE THEM REFUSE TO AID THE ALLIES FOR THE REST OF THE WAR! AH, YES, THE FUEHRER WILL REWARD US GREATLY FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK
LET US TURN NOW TO THE OFFICE OF THE LONDON STAR WHERE WE FIND HEADLINE HUNTER AND HIS EDITOR
BUT I TELL YOU, I DON'T BELIEVE REGINALD HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE MURDER
BUT, WHY, HEADLINE, WHY? HE WAS FOUND HOLDING THE GUN. HE HAD NO ALIBI--
T103
BECAUSE HE DIDN'T HAVE A MOTIVE, THAT'S WHY! AND I'M GOING TO PROVE HE'S INNOCENT!
2.

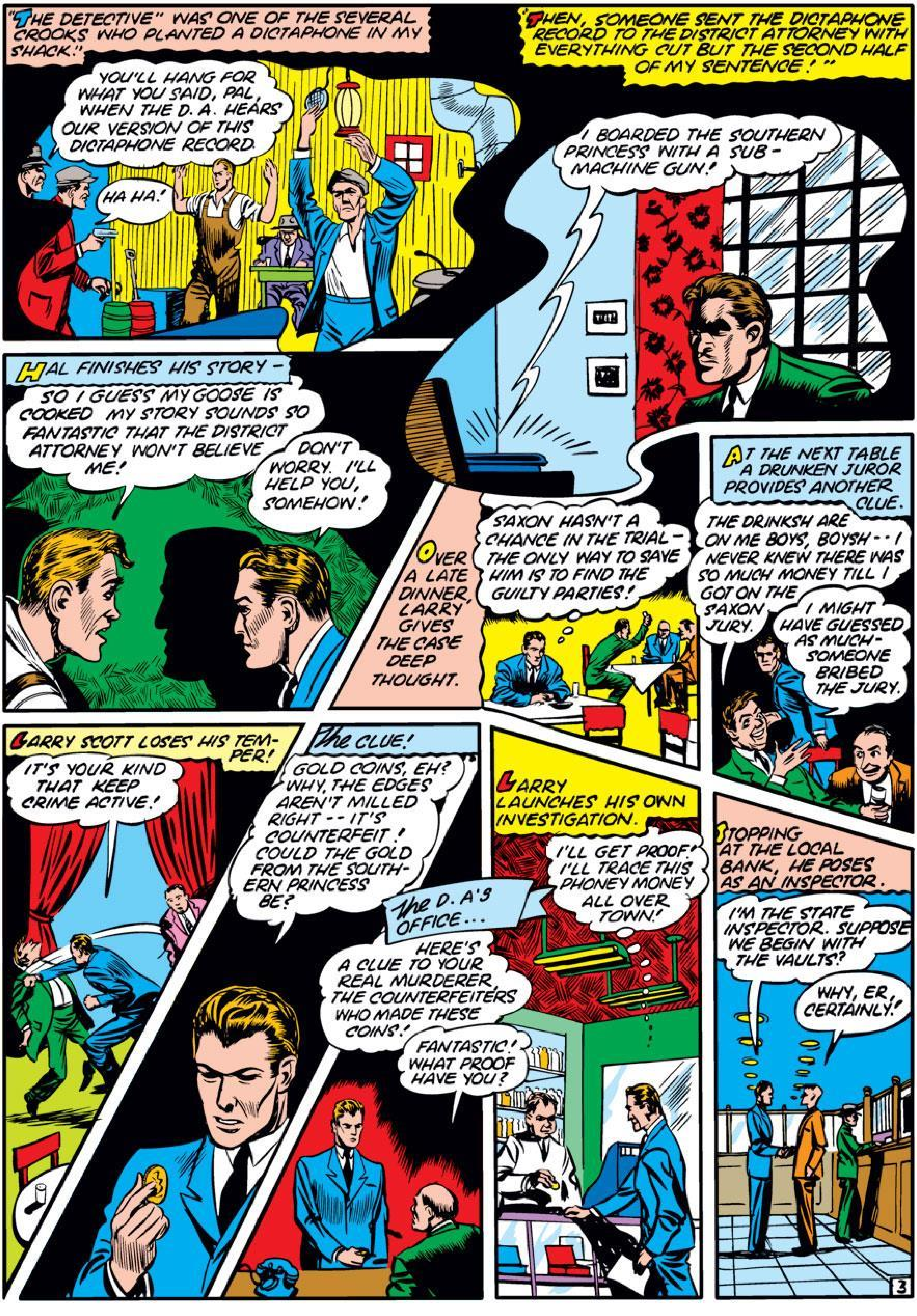

AT THE FAMOUS ENGLISH PRISON, OLD BAILEY--
HERE HE IS, MR. HUNTER
THANKS!
I'M A REPORTER, MR. REGINALD, AND I'M GOING TO TRY TO PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE
THIS IS MR. PERRY, MY COUSIN
HOW DO YOU DO?
--AND YOU SAY THAT TWO MEN FORCED THE GUN INTO YOUR HAND AND RAN AWAY?
THAT'S RIGHT!
127
REGINALD TELLS HEADLINE THE WHOLE STORY--
AND DON'T FORGET, MR. HUNTER, IF THERE IS ANYTHING AT ALL I CAN DO TO HELP MY COUSIN, DON'T HESITATE TO CALL ON ME
THANK YOU, I WON'T. GOODBYE, MR. REGINALD, AND KEEP YOUR CHIN UP!
LET'S SEE, NOW, HOW'LL I START TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE? GOSH, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO START!
PRESS
But, UNSEEN BY THE NEWS-HUNTER-
ACH, DERE ISS DER YANKEE SVINE!
DER LEADER SAYS DOT HE ISS GETTING TOO SNOOPY. VE CAN ATTEND TO DOT, I GUESS.
QUICK, VE'LL TAKE HIM TO DER RIVER!
JAH, IT VILL BE DER END FOR HIM NOW, HA, HA!
3.

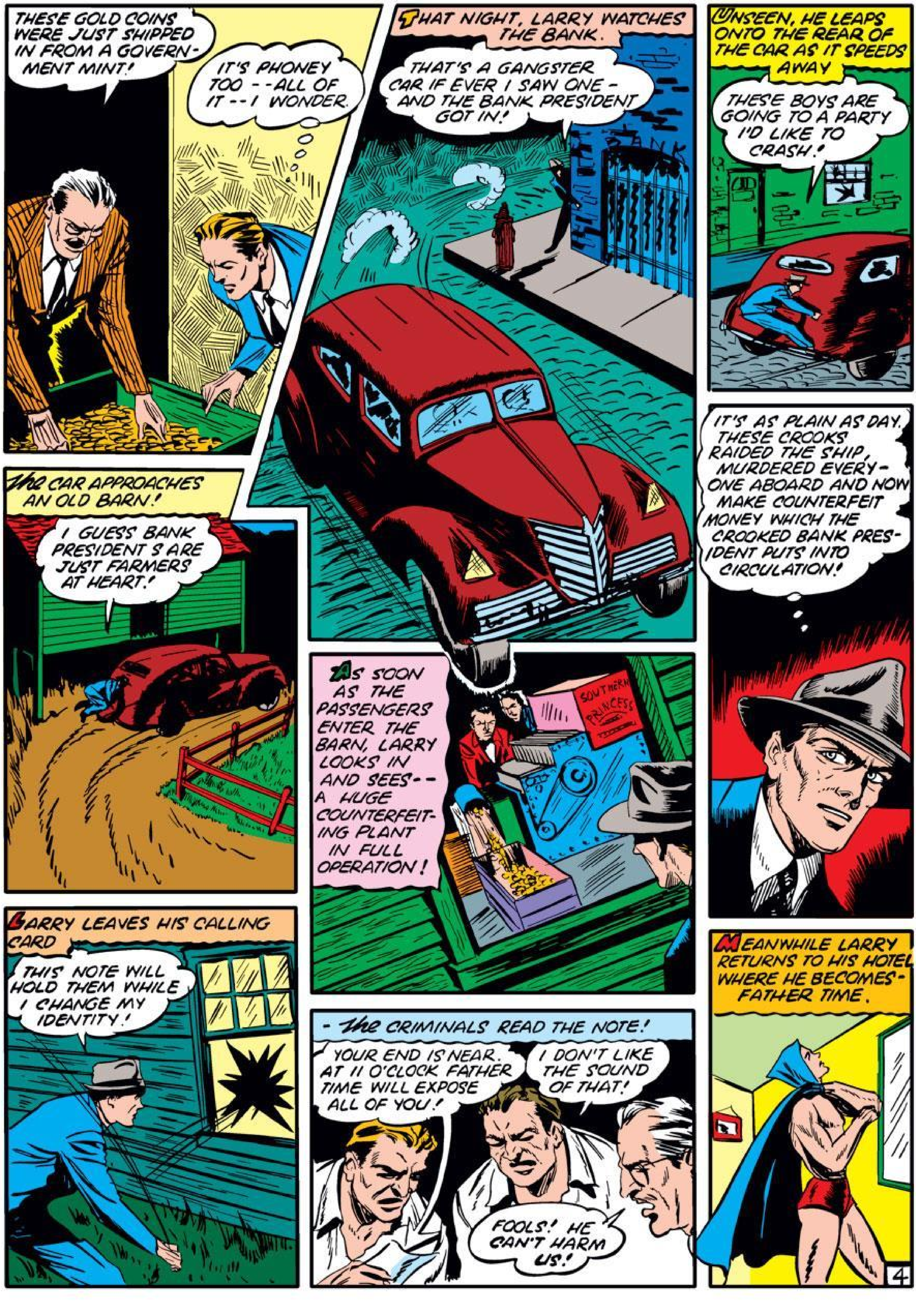

ACH, DER LEADER NEVER FORGETS A THING!
NEIN, HE ISS REALLY A GENIUS --WHOEVER HE IS!
INTO THE RIVER MIT HIM!
JAH!
IF THEY DISCOVER THAT I'M CONSCIOUS THEY'RE APT TO SHOOT ME RIGHT NOW! I'D BETTER PLAY DEAD FOR A WHILE!
UND DOT FINISHES DOT!
UND NOW VE REPORT BACK TO DER LEADER
YAH, HE VILL BE VERY PLEASED!
But, UNSEEN BY THE TWO NAZIS, THEIR CAR TAKES ON A THIRD PASSENGER--
--AND SOON REACHES THE NAZI'S HIDEOUT
AHA, THERE'S THE GUY I'M REALLY AFTER!

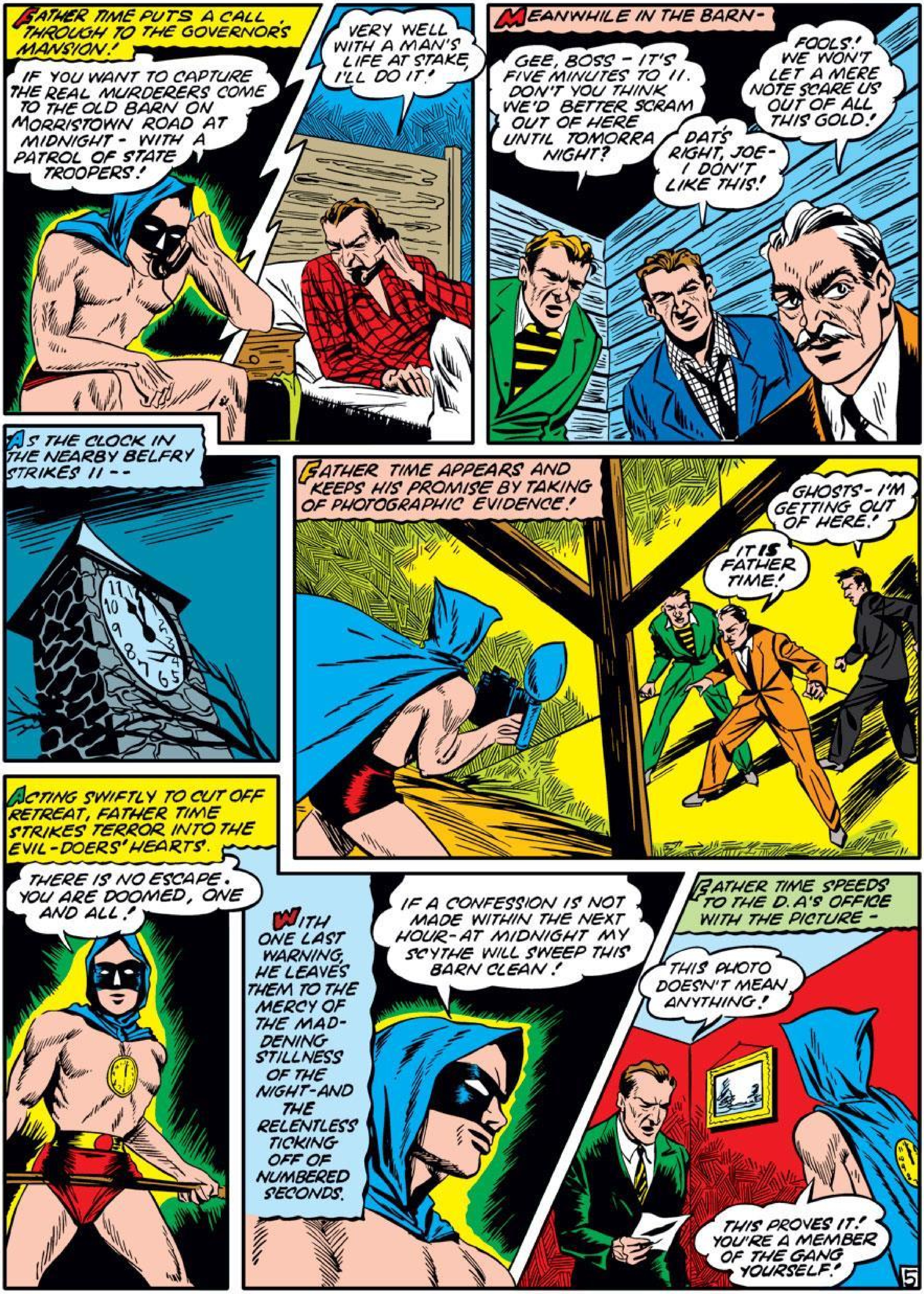

VE HAFF CARRIED OUT YOUR ORDERS TO DER LETTER, MEIN HERR.
THAT IS VERY COMMENDABLE! THE FUEHRER WILL BE EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASED
MEIN GOTT, A GHOST!
AND NOW, YOU RATS, I'VE GOT SOME PRESENTS FOR YOUR "PHEWRER"
CRASH!
SUDDENLY, A FIGHTING-MAD AMERICAN BREAKS IN--HEADLINE HUNTER ON THE RAMPAGE!
THE VALIANT REPORTER'S FISTS ARE LIKE TWIN TORNADOS.
HERE'S A ONE-TWO!
OH, OH, YOU'VE GOT TO STAY FOR OUR LITTLE PARTY!
NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON UNDER THIS BABY'S BLANKET
PERRY! REGINALD'S COUSIN!
CURSE YOU! IF NOT FOR YOU--
IF NOT FOR ME YOU WOULD HAVE RECEIVED A RICH REWARD FROM THE NAZIS--NOT TO MENTION INHERITING ALL OF YOUR COUSIN'S WEALTH WHEN HE WAS HANGED! BUT, I GUESS THAT WHERE YOU'RE GOING MONEY WON'T MATTER VERY MUCH NOW!

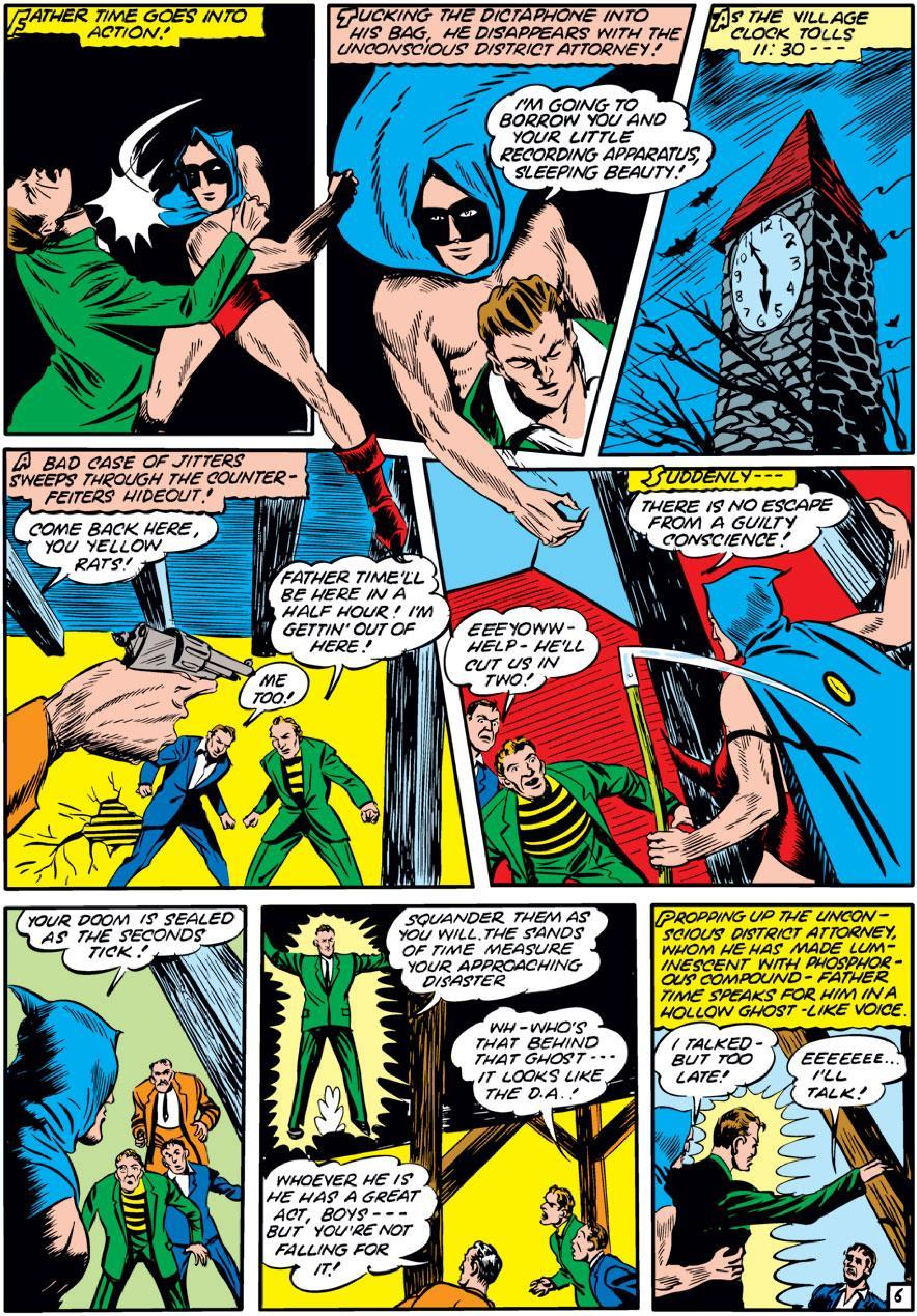

FATHER TIME
in
RACE AGAINST DOOM
WHEN HE SAW AN INNOCENT MAN BEING FRAMED BY HEARTLESS-KILLERS, A NEVER-DYING HATRED FLARED UP IN THE HEART OF LARRY SCOTT! A HATRED FOR CRIME AND EVIL WHICH MADE HIM DON HIS WHITE ROBES OF JUSTICE AND PLAY THE ROLE OF FATHER TIME, CRIME-FIGHTER!
IV V
LARRY SCOTT IS SITTING IN HIS STUDY LISTENING TO A RADIO REPORT.
HAL SAXSON ACCUSED OF MURDERING THE CREW OF THE "SOUTHERN PRINCESS" IS ON TRIAL TODAY...
WHY, I KNOW HAL! HE'S NOT A CRIMINAL! I SUSPECT A FRAME-UP!
1

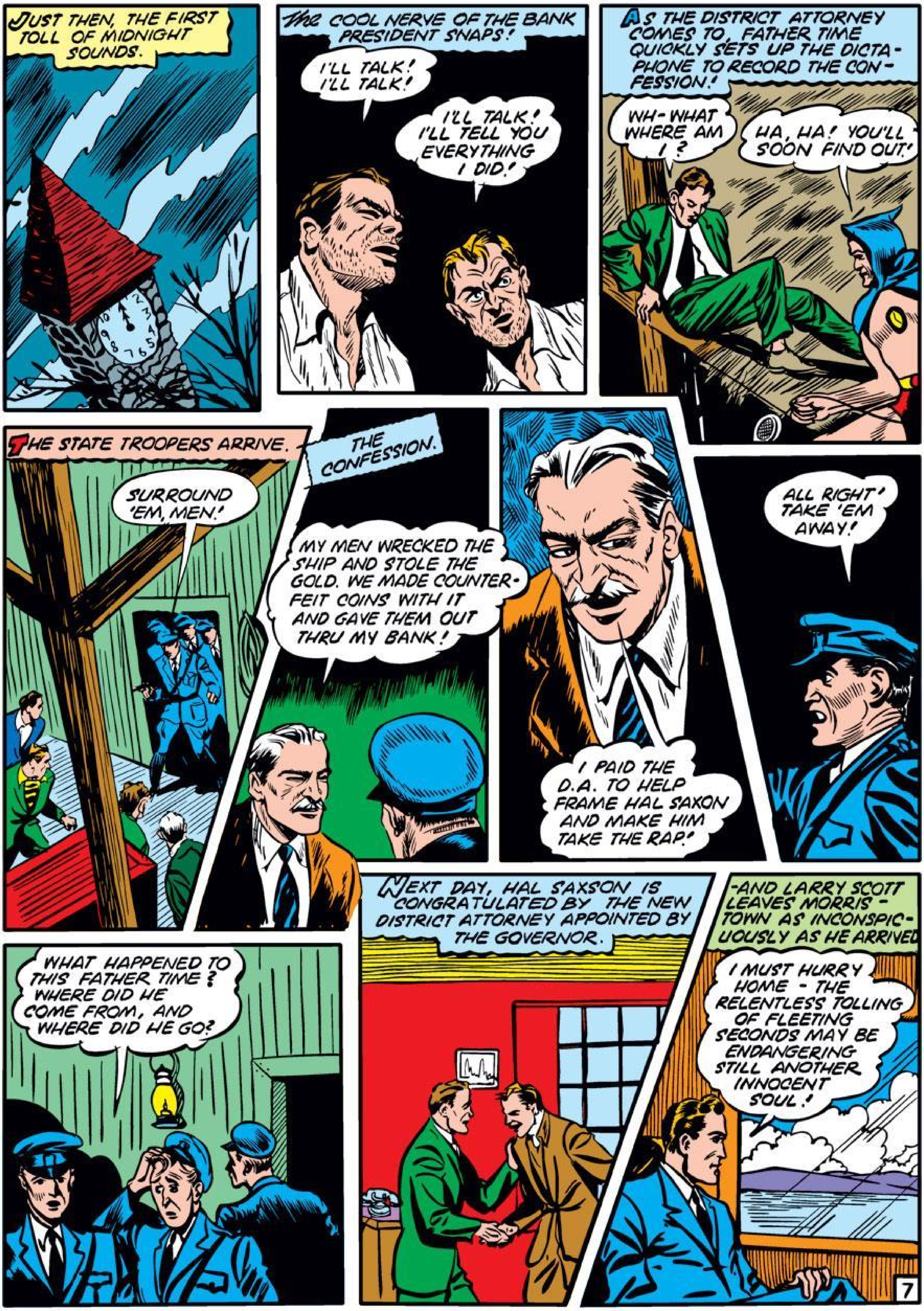

AT THE TRIAL, LARRY SCOTT LISTENS TO THE PROSECUTION'S MOST DAMAGING TESTIMONY!
MEMBERS OF THE JURY, YOU WILL NOW HEAR SAXON'S OWN CONFESSION IN HIS OWN WORDS - AS RECORDED BY A DICTAPHONE WHICH SOME UNKNOWN PLACED IN SAXON'S HOUSE AND LATER SENT TO ME.
THE DICTAPHONE PLAYS BACK WHAT SEEMS TO BE A GRIM CONFESSION.
I BOARDED THE SOUTHERN PRINCESS WITH A SUB MACHINE GUN, SHOT THE OFFICERS AND CREW, STOLE THE CARGO, AND LATER BURIED IT!
DID YOU SAY THAT?
YES, BUT-
BUT WHAT? WE'VE HEARD YOUR CONFESSION! YOU'RE GUILTY AND YOU KNOW IT!
TO LARRY SCOTT THE EVIDENCE SOUNDS TOO PERFECT TO BE TRUE.
I'M CONVINCED THAT SOMEONE IS FRAMING HAL! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!
THAT NIGHT, SAXON RECEIVES A CALLER.
NOW TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY, HAL-
WELL, LARRY, I WAS A SAILOR ON THE SOUTHERN PRINCESS, THEN I QUIT. A WEEK LATER A MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF A DETECTIVE QUESTIONED ME ABOUT THE SHIP'S SINKING. I TOLD HIM...
"I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE MEN PLOTTING AGAINST ME"...
SOMEONE STARTED A SMEAR CAMPAIGN ABOUT ME SAYING--
I BOARDED THE SOUTHERN PRINCESS WITH A SUB MACHINE GUN, SHOT THE OFFICERS AND CREW, STOLE THE CARGO, AND LATER BURIED IT!
DON'T WORRY BUDDY, THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOUR STORY. AND HOW! HA HA HA!


"THE DETECTIVE" WAS ONE OF THE SEVERAL CROOKS WHO PLANTED A DICTAPHONE IN MY SHACK."
YOU'LL HANG FOR WHAT YOU SAID, PAL, WHEN THE D. A. HEARS OUR VERSION OF THIS DICTAPHONE RECORD.
HA HA!
"THEN, SOMEONE SENT THE DICTAPHONE RECORD TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WITH EVERYTHING CUT BUT THE SECOND HALF OF MY SENTENCE!"
I BOARDED THE SOUTHERN PRINCESS WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN!
HAL FINISHES HIS STORY -
SO I GUESS MY GOOSE IS COOKED MY STORY SOUNDS SO FANTASTIC THAT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WON'T BELIEVE ME!
DON'T WORRY. I'LL HELP YOU, SOMEHOW!
OVER A LATE DINNER, LARRY GIVES THE CASE DEEP THOUGHT.
SAXON HASN'T A CHANCE IN THE TRIAL - THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE HIM IS TO FIND THE GUILTY PARTIES!
AT THE NEXT TABLE A DRUNKEN JUROR PROVIDES ANOTHER CLUE.
THE DRINKSH ARE ON ME BOYS, BOYSH - - I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS SO MUCH MONEY TILL I GOT ON THE SAXON JURY.
I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED AS MUCH - SOMEONE BRIBED THE JURY.
LARRY SCOTT LOSES HIS TEMPER!
IT'S YOUR KIND THAT KEEP CRIME ACTIVE!
THE CLUE!
GOLD COINS, EH? WHY, THE EDGES AREN'T MILLED RIGHT - - IT'S COUNTERFEIT! COULD THE GOLD FROM THE SOUTHERN PRINCESS BE?
THE D. A'S OFFICE...
HERE'S A CLUE TO YOUR REAL MURDERER, THE COUNTERFEITERS WHO MADE THESE COINS!
FANTASTIC! WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?
LARRY LAUNCHES HIS OWN INVESTIGATION.
I'LL GET PROOF! I'LL TRACE THIS PHONEY MONEY ALL OVER TOWN!
STOPPING AT THE LOCAL BANK, HE POSES AS AN INSPECTOR.
I'M THE STATE INSPECTOR. SUPPOSE WE BEGIN WITH THE VAULTS?
WHY, ER, CERTAINLY!
3


THESE GOLD COINS WERE JUST SHIPPED IN FROM A GOVERNMENT MINT!
IT'S PHONEY TOO - - ALL OF IT - - I WONDER.
THAT NIGHT, LARRY WATCHES THE BANK.
THAT'S A GANGSTER CAR IF EVER I SAW ONE - AND THE BANK PRESIDENT GOT IN!
BANK
UNSEEN, HE LEAPS ONTO THE REAR OF THE CAR AS IT SPEEDS AWAY
THESE BOYS ARE GOING TO A PARTY I'D LIKE TO CRASH!
THE CAR APPROACHES AN OLD BARN!
I GUESS BANK PRESIDENT S ARE JUST FARMERS AT HEART!
AS SOON AS THE PASSENGERS ENTER THE BARN, LARRY LOOKS IN AND SEES - - A HUGE COUNTERFEITING PLANT IN FULL OPERATION!
SOUTHERN PRINCESS
IT'S AS PLAIN AS DAY. THESE CROOKS RAIDED THE SHIP, MURDERED EVERYONE ABOARD AND NOW MAKE COUNTERFEIT MONEY WHICH THE CROOKED BANK PRESIDENT PUTS INTO CIRCULATION!
LARRY LEAVES HIS CALLING CARD
THIS NOTE WILL HOLD THEM WHILE I CHANGE MY IDENTITY!
- THE CRIMINALS READ THE NOTE!
YOUR END IS NEAR. AT 11 O'CLOCK FATHER TIME WILL EXPOSE ALL OF YOU!
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!
FOOLS! HE CAN'T HARM US!
MEANWHILE LARRY RETURNS TO HIS HOTEL WHERE HE BECOMES - FATHER TIME.


FATHER TIME PUTS A CALL THROUGH TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION!
IF YOU WANT TO CAPTURE THE REAL MURDERERS COME TO THE OLD BARN ON MORRISTOWN ROAD AT MIDNIGHT - WITH A PATROL OF STATE TROOPERS!
VERY WELL WITH A MAN'S LIFE AT STAKE, I'LL DO IT!
MEANWHILE IN THE BARN-
GEE, BOSS - IT'S FIVE MINUTES TO 11. DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER SCRAM OUT OF HERE UNTIL TOMORRA NIGHT?
DAT'S RIGHT, JOE- I DON'T LIKE THIS!
FOOLS! WE WON'T LET A MERE NOTE SCARE US OUT OF ALL THIS GOLD!
AS THE CLOCK IN THE NEARBY BELFRY STRIKES 11 - -
FATHER TIME APPEARS AND KEEPS HIS PROMISE BY TAKING OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE!
GHOSTS- I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
IT IS FATHER TIME!
ACTING SWIFTLY TO CUT OFF RETREAT, FATHER TIME STRIKES TERROR INTO THE EVIL-DOERS' HEARTS.
THERE IS NO ESCAPE. YOU ARE DOOMED, ONE AND ALL!
WITH ONE LAST WARNING, HE LEAVES THEM TO THE MERCY OF THE MAD-DENING STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT-AND THE RELENTLESS TICKING OFF OF NUMBERED SECONDS.
IF A CONFESSION IS NOT MADE WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR- AT MIDNIGHT MY SCYTHE WILL SWEEP THIS BARN CLEAN!
FATHER TIME SPEEDS TO THE D.A'S OFFICE WITH THE PICTURE -
THIS PHOTO DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!
THIS PROVES IT! YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE GANG YOURSELF!


FATHER TIME GOES INTO ACTION!
TUCKING THE DICTAPHONE INTO HIS BAG, HE DISAPPEARS WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
I'M GOING TO BORROW YOU AND YOUR LITTLE RECORDING APPARATUS, SLEEPING BEAUTY!
AS THE VILLAGE CLOCK TOLLS 11:30---
A BAD CASE OF JITTERS SWEEPS THROUGH THE COUNTERFEITERS HIDEOUT!
COME BACK HERE, YOU YELLOW RATS!
FATHER TIME'LL BE HERE IN A HALF HOUR! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
ME TOO!
SUDDENLY---
THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM A GUILTY CONSCIENCE!
EEEYOWW-HELP-HE'LL CUT US IN TWO!
YOUR DOOM IS SEALED AS THE SECONDS TICK!
SQUANDER THEM AS YOU WILL. THE SANDS OF TIME MEASURE YOUR APPROACHING DISASTER
WH-WHO'S THAT BEHIND THAT GHOST--- IT LOOKS LIKE THE D.A.!
WHOEVER HE IS HE HAS A GREAT ACT, BOYS--- BUT YOU'RE NOT FALLING FOR IT!
PROPPING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS DISTRICT ATTORNEY, WHOM HE HAS MADE LUMINESCENT WITH PHOSPHOROUS COMPOUND - FATHER TIME SPEAKS FOR HIM IN A HOLLOW GHOST-LIKE VOICE.
I TALKED- BUT TOO LATE!
EEEEEEE... I'LL TALK!


JUST THEN, THE FIRST TOLL OF MIDNIGHT SOUNDS.
THE COOL NERVE OF THE BANK PRESIDENT SNAPS!
I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!
I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I DID!
AS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY COMES TO, FATHER TIME QUICKLY SETS UP THE DICTAPHONE TO RECORD THE CONFESSION!
WH-WHAT WHERE AM I?
HA, HA! YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!
THE STATE TROOPERS ARRIVE.
SURROUND 'EM, MEN!
THE CONFESSION.
MY MEN WRECKED THE SHIP AND STOLE THE GOLD. WE MADE COUNTERFEIT COINS WITH IT AND GAVE THEM OUT THRU MY BANK!
I PAID THE D.A. TO HELP FRAME HAL SAXON AND MAKE HIM TAKE THE RAP!
ALL RIGHT! TAKE 'EM AWAY!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS FATHER TIME? WHERE DID HE COME FROM, AND WHERE DID HE GO?
NEXT DAY, HAL SAXSON IS CONGRATULATED BY THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR.
-AND LARRY SCOTT LEAVES MORRIS-TOWN AS INCONSPICUOUSLY AS HE ARRIVED
I MUST HURRY HOME - THE RELENTLESS TOLLING OF FLEETING SECONDS MAY BE ENDANGERING STILL ANOTHER INNOCENT SOUL!
7

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY SECRET CLUB NEWS

A message From CAPTAIN AMERICA

Well, Pals, here we are again! Another issue packed with brand-new stories and thrilling adventures.— I hope you like it!

Here's a tip: In next month's issue there's a humdinger of a story in which the Sentinels of Liberty help Bucky and me to fight one of America's most sinister menaces! Don't miss it!

After you've read what Bucky has to say, try your hand at solving the puzzles — you're sure to like them!

BUCKY'S COLUMN

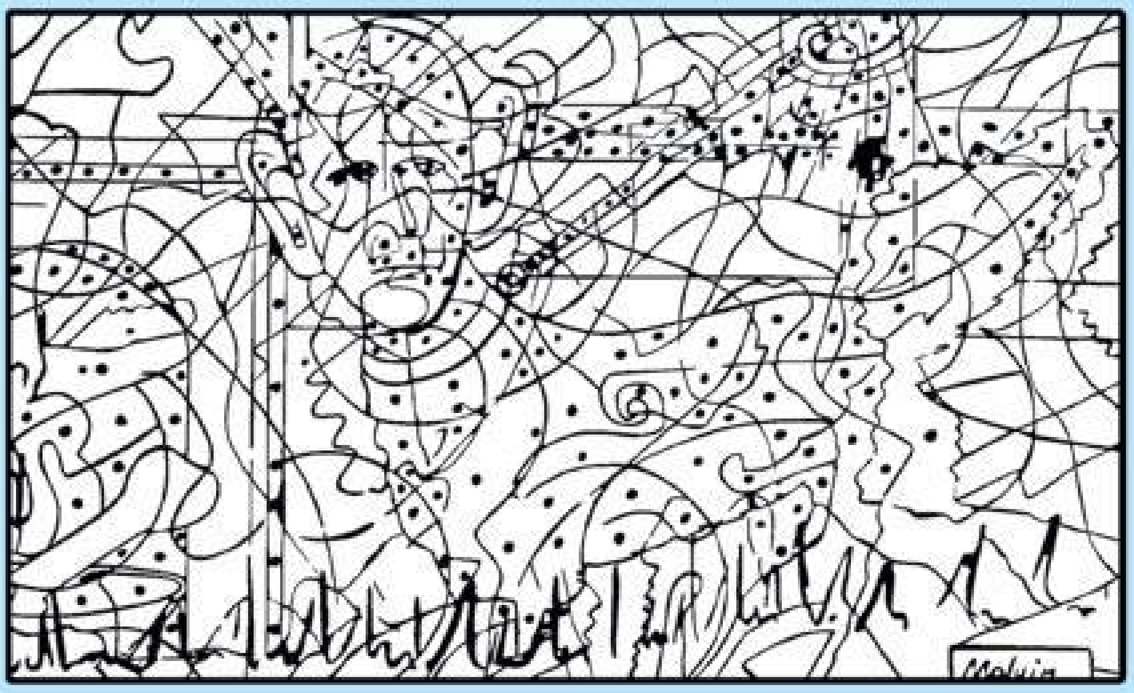
HELLO FELLAS!

We've got something new for you this month! Y'know, Cap was telling me that he gets loads of letters from Sentinels all over the country, and he gets a great kick out of reading each one personally. But naturally Cap hasn't got the time to answer each of those thousands of letters because he has to spend all his time catching spies and traitors to the United States!

But then Cap said that he wants to publish a few interesting letters from Sentinels in every issue of his book, and answer them right in the book, too! So he's decided to include a few in this space every issue, with his own personal answer, so that all of the Sentinels can read it! That's pretty swell, eh?

And now let's see if you can help Cap catch the spy in the puzzle below – and of course, don't forget to de-code this month's code message!

See you next month, gang!



Fill in the dotted spaces with a crayon, pen, or dark pencil.

USE YOUR CODE KEY TO SOLVE THE FOLLOWING—

Years ago Captain America was on the Gobi desert dying of thirst! He suddenly found a bottle of water with a cork in it! It was the only thing that could save his life! But he had no corkscrew, and no knife to cut the cork out with! If he broke the bottle, the water would be lost! How did Cap manage to get the water? Uyv vlpkqs nkq uxre iznx nkq wxnncq! (Code can be found in last month's issue of Captain America Comics—)

Here are 7 wild lions. Can you trap them by drawing three straight lines in such a way that each lion will be enclosed in a separate pen? ➡
(Answer in next month's Captain America)